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### CONTENTS.

Agricultural Notes by the Way—The Turbine Wind Engine—What Kind of Wool Ought we to Grow—The Flea Beetle—The Rose Chafer—Inquiries Answered—Stock Notes—Horse Matters—The Horse for Farmers to Breed—Pawing Horses—Sheridan's Standard Horse Notes—The Farm—Pedigreed Stock for Farmers—Short-horn—Different Breeds for the Dairy—How to Build a Silo—Jersey Cream—Agricultural Notes—Floral Culture—Pear Growing—Another Danger to Strawberries—A New Plan for Training Grape Vines—Horticultural Notes—Apiculture—Handling Bees—Wintering Bees—Where to Put the Apiary—Editorial—Wheat—Corn and Oats—Hops—Dairy Products—Wool—Mammoth Clover—New Summary—Michigan—General—Foreign—Poetry—Cutting off the Baby's Curle—A Romance—Miscellaneous—What Katie Did—The Man of the Future—Doctor Bismarck's Night Watchman—The Brooklyn Girl—The Confederate Salt Works—Wooling and Winning—How the Amador was Found—Ant. Jemima on the Woman Question—How the Bitter was Bitten—Varieties—Chaff—Household—Charge—It—Lily—Donkeys—In Search of an Inspiration—Proper Time to Castrate—Veterinary—Umbilical Edema in a Colt—Castrating Ewes—Proper Time to Castrate—Cats—Barnum and Jumbo—Farms Lost—More Cows in the Road—Commercial—
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### Agricultural.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY.

**Oakland County—The Country in the Vicinity of Rochester—The Short-horn Herd of Wm. Graham, of Rochester—A Visit to a Number of Stock Breeders and Farmers in the Town of Avon.**

In answer to an invitation extended some time ago by Mr. Wm. Graham of Rochester, Oakland County, we last week paid a visit to this section. The town of Rochester, which by the way, has two railway outlets since the completion of the Air Line to Chicago, is pleasantly situated in a small valley through which runs what is known as the South Branch of the Clinton River. It is surrounded by a rolling country, with a rather light soil, but which has proved very productive, as is evidenced by the broad fields, fine farm residences and substantial looking out-buildings. The gravel road from this place to Pontiac is an excellent one, and we drove out to Mr. Graham's place in a smooth surface, it struck us that a few more of the same sort scattered through the State would not detract either from its appearance or the comfort of farmers living near them.

The weather was beautiful, and in every corner along the route the cultivator was at work turning up the weeds and grass, which the heavy rains had given a big start. The gravelly loam of which much of the soil consists, is well calculated to withstand heavy rains, and the fields of wheat, clover, oats and corn are equal to anything we have seen this season. Near Mr. Graham's farm the land becomes more level, and stretches out into plains, the soil becoming heavier and stronger. Turning to the right from the gravel road, we ride about half a mile along a road bordered by beautiful, large oak trees, and arrive at Mr. Graham's residence. He was in Rochester looking for the FARMER man, but we had managed to pass each other without knowing it. Mrs. Graham, however, gave us a cordial welcome. The fact was Mr. Graham thought that "city feller" would not get up early enough to catch the first train, and got to Rochester in time for the second one, by which time we were looking over his stock some five or six miles away. After dinner we adjourned to the field to see the stock, of which there is a large amount kept on this farm, consisting of Short-horn and Jersey cattle, Berkshire hogs and long-wool sheep. The farm is managed with reference to the stock to be carried, and consists of some 230 acres, of which 150 are under cultivation. The land is level, and the soil mellow and productive, the results of a plentiful use of clover, manure, and under-drainage. Two very fine barns furnish excellent accommodations for stock, and ample room for storing the forage and grain crops raised on the farm. One of them is fitted with excellent granaries for wheat and oats, and a large corn crib in the yard gives storage room for that important crop.

Mr. Graham's herd of Short-horns was commenced with purchases from E. Thompson, P. White and W. T. Johnson, of Northville. One of the first purchases was the cow Lady Derby (Vol. 11, p. 13742 A. H. B.), once the property of the Messrs. Curtis of Addison, Hillsdale County. She was bred in Kentucky by B. N. Shropshire, and was by Derby 7804, out of Susan, daughter by Lippard 4943, tracing to imported Zella, by Norfolk (2377). From her Mr. Graham has the cow Maggie Derby now four years old, that has had three calves and is nearly due to come in again. She is a red in color, and a deep milker. She had her first calf when 20 months old. Some purchases were also made of stock tracing to the Cox importation of 1816.

At the Port Huron sale Mr. Graham bought the cow Victoria Duchess 13th, of the Sanborn herd. She is red, with a little white, and was got by Marquis of Oxford (39361) a pure Oxford, bred by B. B. Groom of Kentucky, and sired by 14th Duke of Thornecliffe (28459). Her dam was Victoria Duchess 6th by 23d Duke of Air

drie (41350), and tracing to Vara by imported Duke of Airdrie (12730). This is about as near the top in breeding as we find generally in any herd. Mr. Graham next secured the cow Mignonette, bred by Wm. Warfield of Grasmere, near Lexington, Ky. She was got by the 3d Duke of Grasmere (13961) out of Minnesota 2d by Prince Tom 7151, tracing to Lily by Blaize (75). These are two fine animals, and have proved a very desirable acquisition to Mr. Graham's herd. At the head of the herd is Oxford Prince 39418, bred by A. S. Brooks of West Novi, got by Red Prince 24568, out of Oxford Rose 2d, a cow bred by Avery & Murphy of Detroit, and got by 23d Duke of Airdrie 18993, out of Oxford's Rose (Vol. 12, p. 115), by King of the Roses (23043). He is a very good animal, standing a little high on the leg, but with good breadth between the fore legs, straight back, good loin, fine head and horn, and in only fair flesh weighing about 2,300 lbs. His stock, of which we had an opportunity to see quite a number, has given great satisfaction to the owners. We saw a cow here from the Haganman herd, Daisy Dean 8th, which is a splendid milker. She is from one of the cows mentioned in our last issue as remarkable in that particular. And, by the way, it should have read that one of Mr. Haganman's cows gave 19 quarts and the other 17 quarts each evening, and not each day, as it appeared.

Of the young things on the farm we saw a yearling bull, red and white in color, from Victoria Duchess 13th, but he was off his feed and looking thin. This year Victoria Duchess has another bull calf, a red in color, from Mr. Sanborn's bull, which is very fine. He is now three months old, large for his age, straight, square built, very long bodied and standing low on his legs. His head is good, the muzzle tapering and fine, but might be a little better cut up under the neck. It would be hard to find any other fault with him. A three months old heifer, a deep red in color, was in the stable with him. She is by Oxford Prince, and her dam was Belleflower 4th, a cow got by Capt. Derby 49023, out of Belleflower 2d by Airdrie of Oakland 21903. This is a nice animal, good size and color, very fine in the head, straight and broad in the back, good hind quarters, a little high on the leg, but that she may grow out of, as her dam is not that way. In another lot we saw a yearling heifer Rosetta, by Oxford Prince out of Rosanna by Capt. Derby 49023, and tracing to White Lily by 2d Duke of Hillsdale 9363. She is in calf to Oxford Prince, and is a large, square built heifer, dark red in color, and the model of a good beef animal. There are several other animals in the herd that might be mentioned, but both time and space are limited.

Mr. Graham, following the fashion of so many, has dipped a little into Jerseys. He has four females and a yearling bull. The latter is out of a cow formerly owned by Mr. W. J. G. Dean, of Hanover, now the property of Mr. Graham, and sired by Mr. Dean's Duke of Willowgrove 4813. His dam was out of Goldy 6141, by Prince Bridgewater 2381. He is a dark fawn color on the sides, running to a lighter shade on the belly and legs, and a very smooth animal. The females are of good milking strain, with well shaped udders, and that rich yellow skin showing through the hair that Jersey fanciers delight in.

Mr. Graham has some fine Berkshires, and here we saw the boar purchased by him at the Clapp sale in April last. He is giving good satisfaction, and is regarded by his owner as one of the best animals, both individually and as a breeder, he has had. Four or five brood sows were enjoying themselves in the yard, one with a fine litter about a month old.

**MR. BURROWS' DEVONS.**  
After going over Mr. Graham's herd, we drove over to see Mr. Jackson Burrows' Devons, but unfortunately he was away and the cattle out in the woods pasture. Mr. Burrows has recently purchased a number of females from the Buckingham herd in Ohio, and thinks he has improved his stock thereby. His other animals were from the herds of R. G. Hart, of Lapeer, and B. F. Peck, of New York.

**C. H. GIBBS' GUERNSEYS.**  
Mr. Gibbs, who lives near Mr. Burrows, just over the line in the town of Troy, has made a start in Guernseys. He met with a serious loss at the last State Fair through the death of his young imported bull, but his herd is now doing well. He had been testing one of his cows, and here are the results: Milk in seven days, 185 lbs.; cream raised, 44 lbs.; butter churned from cream, 14 lbs. 7 oz. These figures we got from Mr. Gibbs, who was of course interested in getting the truth. The Guernsey is a larger animal than the Jersey, larger boned and not so finely bred, but apparently harder. They are marked somewhat like the Jersey, of a light yellow, with splashes of white. Mr. Gibbs says he is well pleased with them as dairy cows.

**AT MR. FRED CONE'S.**  
On the dividing line between Avon and Troy, but in Avon, we came to the farm of Mr. Fred Cone, son of the late Linus Cone, one of the earliest settlers in this neighborhood. Here is one of the neatest farm houses and surroundings we have

seen in some time. The barns are neatly arranged, and the grounds laid out with taste. Mr. Cone has some nice grade Short-horns, and a flock of grade fine wools. He had their fleeces piled up in his barn, and they were light, bulky ones, well cleaned, and will give a large amount of delaine and combing wool. The staple is of good length and the crimp even and extending its full length. His flock of 89 head, lambs and ewes only, sheared an average of 8 1/2 lbs., the ewes raising 47 lambs this season. A fine roan heifer was in the barn-yard, a grade Short-horn, from a bull bred by Mr. Graham from 2d Queen of Maple Banks. Mr. Cone also showed us a pair of Welcome oats, which he was testing this season. They were very stout and well advanced, and he thought would prove valuable.

**MR. GILBERT A. TERRY**  
was next called on. He has a nice bunch of cattle on his farm, mostly grade Short-horns. He has recently started into thoroughbreds, and has a red bull bred by Mr. Tompkins Bugbee, of Pontiac, by Joe Johnston 3d, the bull owned by Mr. Wm. Whitfield. A roan cow, named Orange Flower 3d, purchased of Mr. Graham, now four years old, is a straight, handsome animal. She was by Summit Airdrie 3d 37084, traces to Rosebud by Oliver (2387) and Red Rose by Torborough (705).

The next call was upon Senator Morton, but he was not at home, so we drove on to

**E. N. SPRAGUE'S,**  
whom we found in his corn field hard at work. He has a nice farm, and his wheat looks equal to any we have seen this season. He believes in good tillage and manure, and his land shows he practices his theories. He is making a start in Short-horns, and showed us a fine cow which he had purchased of Mr. Graham, Belleflower 2d, by Airdrie of Oakland 21903, out of Belleflower by 11th Duke of Hillsdale 18987. She is red in color, now seven years old, and though her calf is only a few weeks old, is looking very well. Mr. Sprague is much pleased with her, she is such a quiet, thrifty animal, always in good flesh, and always hearty. She has a nice red heifer calf by Oxford Prince. He also has a two-year-old heifer from Mr. Graham's cow Mignonette, a deep red in color, and a good one. The horse stock on this farm consists of a span of well-matched half-blood Clydes, and a single one of same breeding. The latter has a colt from the Percheron stallion owned by Mr. Brabb of Romeo. He will also breed his team of mares to a Percheron, as he likes them for their activity, good disposition and ability to do hard work.

**MR. PARKE SIPPERLEY,**  
who with his father, Mr. George Sipperley, has a fine farm, was next called on. Here we saw more good farming and good stock. The young man has purchased from Wm. Graham the Short-horn cow Hattie Atwood, by Red Prince 24568, out of Minnie Atwood by Oxford Argyle 20-534. She is a roan in color, and a very smooth animal. Last year she had a heifer calf, Jessie Atwood (Vol. 23, p. 17-883), which has grown into a fine animal about the size of an ordinary three year-old native. This year she has a bull calf by Oxford Prince, a red, now four months old, weighing over 500 pounds and as good a calf as we have seen in a long time. Besides these there are a number of good grade cows on this farm, which Mr. Sipperley says he has found to be the best cow for the dairy for ordinary farmers. Then a two-year-old colt, which was running in the pasture was called up, a halter put on him, and he was speeded along the road. He is a natural trotter, with a gait that looks as if he had been trained on the track. He is a powerful animal, with a set of legs under him that will stand any amount of work, and ought to be very speedy. A pair of half-blood Percheron colts, one from a Hambletonian mare and the other from a mare with some Messenger blood, are both gray in color, one dark and the other light, and will make a splendid team. They weigh about 1150 and 1100 lbs., both mares, and will be bred back to the Percheron again. There is a good specimen of the Poland-China here in the shape of a sow from the stock of Mr. A. Mack. By the time the stock had been looked over, Mr. Sipperley suggested that it was about time for supper, a suggestion that appeared to strike the party about right, and Mrs. Sipperley's pantry had to provide for the wants of half a dozen people with excellent appetites; but they proved equal to the emergency.

In the gathering shades of evening we drove back with Mr. Graham to his home, and was exhorted to be ready in the morning for a long drive, as he wanted to show us a considerable part of Oakland County before night. In the morning, after an early breakfast, a start was made while the dew was on the grass and the clover fields were loading the air with their fragrance. It was a perfect June morning, with blue skies and bright sunshine. The first call was made upon

**S. H. PARKER,**  
who has started in Jersey cattle. He has two cows and a yearling bull. One of the cows has a nice heifer calf, a few weeks old, and is a picture of a Jersey with its



The Buckeye Power Converter.

long, thin ears, large eyes and deer-like head. He has not kept Jerseys very long, but so far he is well pleased with them. From this farm we drove over to that of

**CONGRESSMAN HUBBELL,**  
to see Mr. Tolles, who manages it for him. Mr. Tolles was not at home, but a bright young man whose name has slipped our memory invited us to take a look over the farm. The stock on the farm are grade Short-horns, and Mr. Tolles has recently purchased some full bloods from Mr. Graham. At present there are a Jersey bull and two cows on the farm, purchased for Mr. Hubbell and which go to his home in the Northern Peninsula. They are from Judge Marston's herd, and owned by the late Capt. Gordon of Wayne County. This is the old homestead of the Hubbell family, and Mr. Hubbell keeps it on that account. It has a pleasant farm, a fine cow barn, and outbuildings, and is in very neat order. From the view of the house can be obtained a beautiful view of the surrounding country, and no doubt, Mr. Hubbell enjoyed his cigar and cigar in peace, while the newspapers were tearing his political character to shreds. The next place where a stop was made was at the residence of

**MR. ISAAC BARWISSE,**  
who has a large farm, nicely situated, and a handsome residence surrounded by tastefully laid out grounds. We captured Mr. B., and in company with him continued our journey. He has also been dipping into improved stock, and is very likely to do so again, as he is well pleased with his investment so far. He purchased from Mr. John McKay, of Romeo, the cow Hope, who had a bull calf by McKay's Wild Eyes bull. This Mr. B. sold to Mr. Wells, and he is now fourteen months old. While in Mr. Barwisse's hands he was weighed for four consecutive months, and showed a gain of 100 lbs. each month, without any forcing. Hope has now a red roan three months old bull calf, which Mr. Barwisse yet owns, and a finer one would be hard to find. He has more solid meat on him than we ever saw on a calf of his age, straight, fine boned, and a hide as thick and mellow as if ripe for the butcher. Mr. B. said his mother was a grand milker, and always in shape. There is a large flock of grade fine wools on this farm, but we did not have time to look them over. From here the party drove over to Stony Creek, a little village surrounded by a beautiful country, and dropped in on

**MR. J. VAN HOOSSEN,**  
who runs a large farm, is Mayor of the village, and yet has plenty of time to take care of his friends. As it was nearly noon, and the balance of the party knew that this was the best place for a hungry man to stop, it was decided to wait for dinner. Meanwhile we had a look at Mr. Van Hoosen's system of water-works, (Stony Creek, it must be remembered is sufficiently metropolitan to have water-works). He has tapped a spring on a neighboring hill, of beautiful clear cold water, laid pipes, and conducted it to his house, garden, barns, and to a public watering trough by the roadside. In his grounds is a fountain supplied from the same source. The water we found to be excellent when judiciously mixed with lemon and sugar, and after the rather warm ride of the morning this Stony Creek beverage met a long felt want. After doing ample justice to Mrs. Van Hoosen's dinner, and enjoying the jokes and stories that went around with the viands, the host harnessed up his buggy and came with the party also. We first went to his barn and saw the calf he purchased at Mr. Clapp's sale, and out of the cow Carilla by Oakland's Rose of Sharon a bull bred by Mr. Ball of Hamburg, and now at the head of Mr. A. S. Brooks' herd. This calf is fulfilling the promise she gave on the day of sale, and is as neat and stylish as any one could wish for. She

was only three weeks old when purchased. Mr. Van Hoosen has also the cow Fairy, from the McKay herd, a deep red in color, and a large, shapely animal. Also the cow Fashion 11th, bred by Mr. George W. Phillips of Romeo. He said he only wished he was a young man again, so he could go into stock more extensively. The crops on this farm were looking fine, and the clover fields were a wonder. The cattle were up to their knees in it, and looked as sleek as well groomed trotters. The next stopping place was at the farm of

**MR. H. A. WELLS,**  
whose farm is just over the line into Macomb County. Mr. Wells is evidently a careful farmer, as his grounds, fences, etc., were all in the best of order. His large barn is built with stone basement, the basement floored with cement and made as smooth as flagging. A partition across the center was also of stone. A roadway led up from the fields to the ground floor, and gave easy access. In the basement were the cattle stalls and a root cellar. Here we found the bull referred to as purchased from Mr. Barwisse, and from the Wild Eyes bull of Mr. McKay. He is a very large animal for his age, a red roan in color, and is called May Boy. He is a good handler, and has a good back and loin, straight legs, deep chest, good head and horns, rather prominent shoulder points, and bids fair to be a large, handsome, well-shaped animal. There are few three-year-old natives around that will outweigh him. Mr. Wells recently bought from Mr. John Lessiter, of Jersey, the cow Kentucky Belle, red with a little white, got by 13th Duke of Hillsdale 19490, and out of Katie by Hampden 6386. She was one of the cows shown in the Lessiter herd at the Grand Rapids Fair, and also at the State Fair at Jackson, and is a large, handsome cow. Also the cow Kate, (Vol. 16, p. 12-125), by Dover 24898, out of Katie by Hampden 6386. Both these cows have yearling calves. The one from Kate is named Katrina, and is by Meadow Flower Duke 39949; the other is Modesty, and is by same sire. This year Kentucky Belle has another heifer calf, so that Mr. Wells has a good start for a herd. His stock were in excellent shape, and showed that they were well cared for.

While looking over the stock Mrs. Wells had been preparing tea for the party, and when that necessary ceremony had been concluded the horses were again hitched up, from Van Hoosen and Mr. Barwisse returning home, and Mr. Graham driving us over to Isaac Taylor's, near Rochester, to see his farm. This is known as a great grain farm, large crops of wheat being grown each year. But Mr. Taylor's son thinks some good stock would make less hard work necessary and pay better, and he has bought a very good Short-horn cow from Mr. Graham, which has a three months old bull calf at her side. Here was a chance to compare the merits of the Short-horn and the native, as all the other stock on the farm was of that character. Mr. Taylor said his calf was now about the average size of native yearlings, and he was satisfied as to which would pay the farmer best to raise.

This ended the visit, and it will be seen that this part of Oakland County was pretty well covered. It is a section in which improved stock was hardly known a few years ago, but a few pioneers managed to get a fair ground in shape, and outside stock came in and was, of course, a great contrast to what could be shown from the neighborhood. It woke up the farmers, and improved cattle, horses, sheep and hogs are to be found on many of the farms. It is a contagion that spreads rapidly, and it will not be long, from the way they are pushing forward, before the town of Avon will be as well known for its fine stock as it now is for its fine farms and large crops.

### THE TURBINE WIND ENGINE.

There is no investment that a farmer can make that will give more satisfactory returns than money expended in one of the improved wind engines. They can be utilized in numberless ways to save manual labor, and add largely to the comforts of a home. To the farmer engaged in stock-raising the wind engine is a necessity, as with it a constant and abundant supply of water is insured, and all who have had experience know that nothing contributes more largely to the growth and thriftiness of stock. With the wind engine the labors of the housewife can be lightened to a large extent, and instead of pumping and carrying the water for a greater or less distance, in all kinds of weather, she can have it in the kitchen and other rooms of the house, with as little trouble as if she was living where a system of waterworks was in operation. Our farmers, as a general thing, pay too little attention to utilizing labor-saving machinery in the household, but are quick to take hold of machinery that will ease their own labors on the farm. Among the many engines now in the market there is none so durable, or that will more fully answer the requirements of our farmers than the Improved Turbine Wind Engine, manufactured by Mast, Foos & Co., Springfield, Ohio.

Since this engine was first introduced many improvements have been made in its construction, and it is now in the front rank as an engine combining strength, simplicity and ease of running.

During the past year the company have spent a large amount of time and money in perfecting what they call the Buckeye Power Converter, of which we give an illustration. By this device the up and down motion is changed to a rotary motion, and for grinding feed, shelling corn, cutting hay, straw, wood and similar kinds of work, a long felt want has been attained. As a matter of information to those of our readers in want of machinery of this kind we publish a full description of this new improvement:

The Power Converter and Corn Grinder are mounted on a strong and substantial ash frame, which is bolted to the platform of the derrick, and must stand directly under the Wind Engine. The actuating rod of the engine is attached to a rock tree and rock shaft placed on a frame in the derrick, ten or twelve feet above the platform. At the other end of the rock shaft is a device to operate the plunger rod of the pump, the derrick being placed at one side of the well.

The rotary motion of the grinder is obtained by an eccentric friction clutch of new and novel design. At each end of the rock tree is an actuating rod extending down and attached to pawl on each side of the Converter.

At the other end of each pawl, which is in form of an eccentric, and attached to it by a pin, are two arms hanging loose on the main shaft, on each side of the friction wheels. As one of the actuating rods moves on its upward stroke the eccentric pawl catches the smooth turned face of the friction wheel, and moves it around. On the down stroke, the eccentric pawl is released, and the pawl on the other side of the Converter instantaneously clutches the friction wheel on its side, producing a continuous rotary movement, with not a particle of lost motion. We are aware that friction clutches, and pawls and ratches have been used, but the great objection to them is the lost motion. We entirely overcome this objection by using three bearings in our new clutch. The friction wheels are turned down perfectly smooth, making the clutch absolutely noiseless.

The friction wheel and large spur gear wheel are secured to the main shaft, the spur gear wheel working into a pinion on a counter shaft, on which is a smaller spur gear wheel working into a small pinion on the grinder shaft. On one end of the grinder shaft is a heavy balance wheel, and at the other a set of Bell Metal Burrs. With a good wind that will give forty revolutions of the wind wheel per minute, the grinder will run about 370 revolutions, and will grind from three to five bushels of stock feed per hour. At the other end of the frame is a second counter shaft, provided with a spur pinion and sprocket wheel, operated by the large spur gear wheel. To this sprocket wheel is attached a sprocket chain, as shown on this page, to run a corn sheller feed cutter, cider mill, or other light farm machinery. This sprocket wheel runs at a speed of 67 revolutions per minute, and will shell corn as fast as two men can feed a sheller.

The pinions on the counter shaft are arranged to slide on the shaft, so as to throw the grinder or sheller out of gear at pleasure. For further information address Mast, Foos & Co., Springfield, Ohio.

We acknowledge the receipt of the second volume of the Vermont Register, which will fill a long felt want among the breeders of this State. It is a fine volume of 467 pages, and printed in good style.

### What Kind of Wool Ought we to Grow.

Ovid, Mich., June 22, '83.

Editor Michigan Farmer.

What kind of sheep shall we raise? For a number of years I have been endeavoring to get the right kind of sheep. When I had sheep that would shear four or five pounds per head the buyers would say I must get a finer staple; since then I have been grading up my flocks, and now my sheep average about seven pounds per head. Well, I have just marketed my wool, and now they say "too heavy." They will pay me about two cents less than the outside of the market, and then discount from one-third to one-half. Is that just and fair? My wool was washed clean, and well kept up. Will it pay me to wash my sheep or not? Please give me a little advice, and you will confer a favor upon an old subscriber to your valuable paper. M. M. CLARK.

### Turnip Flea Beetle.

HOWELL, June, 1883.

DEAR SIR—I have a fine batch of early cabbage, now heading. The turnip fly or beetle has attacked them in such numbers that I fear they are going to destroy them entirely. Can you suggest a remedy? I have tried kerosene, two table-spoonful to a gallon of water without effect; perhaps an early answer through the MICHIGAN FARMER might benefit others as well as myself, and greatly oblige Yours respectfully, MRS. WESLEY J. GARLOCK.

**Answer.**—I suppose Mrs. Garlock has reference to the turnip flea beetle; *Haltica (Graptodera) striolata*. Lime is found to destroy these pests. I would also advise the use of the carbolic acid compound; Paris green or London purple will destroy these and the striped beetle; but unless put up with the utmost caution, a long felt want has been attained. I mix with flour in the proportion of one to ten, and then only put on enough so I can just see it on the vines. I have thus always killed the insects without injury to the vines. Careless hands will, however, put on too much and destroy the vines before they are seen. As will be seen the cucumber flea beetle and the grape flea beetle are near relatives. A. J. COOK.

### The Rose Chafer.

The rose chafer is a difficult fellow to manage. It is said that he will eat Paris green and fairly smack his jaws and laugh at the one who applies it. The only thing that science can offer is to jar them into sheets and burn or crush them. From their immense number this is impracticable. Were we troubled I should use the carbolic acid compound, in hopes to repel the enemy. To make this, take one quart soft soap, add one gallon of water, and heat till it boils, then add one pint of crude carbolic acid. Dilute this so it will not kill the foliage—one part to from 25 to 50 of water, and by use of pump throw it on the vines. Possibly this will banish both the flea beetle and the rose chafer or rose bug. This rose bug is becoming a terrible pest in some portions of our State. We must soon find some way to successfully combat its mischief. A. J. COOK.

### Inquiries Answered.

HOWARD, Cass Co., June 19, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Please inform me through the FARMER where I can purchase a hay tedder, as I see none advertised in your paper. When is the best time to plant beans? Yours truly, B. D. SHAW.

**Answer.**—You can procure a hay tedder of Messrs. Woodford & Niles, 33 Woodward Avenue, this city. Beans may be planted between May 1st and June 1st—according to the season. The earlier after the ground is warm enough the better.

### Stock Notes.

A young lady of Farmington, according to the Pontiac Gazette, is the happy possessor of a grade Durham cow which has given 813 lbs. of milk in 13 days. The greatest amount any day was 73 lbs.

MR. MARK J. SKELEY, of Farmington, Oakland County, has arrived at Quebec, after a pleasant voyage, with 61 head of Holsteins, or Dutch Friesian cattle. These are all intended for Michigan.

PROF. A. J. COOK, of the Agricultural College, has recently sold from his farm in Clinton County, the Short-horn bull calf Duke of Orange to Barnaby Matthews, of Portland. The calf weighs 500 pounds, though only four months old. He is a model in form and symmetry. His sire is Waterloo Duke 34072; dam Leslie 2d (Vol. 17, p. 13002). Such a bull will be a great acquisition to Iowa County.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires about a flock of sheep in Woodstock that has been bred in-and-in for 25 years, and yet is a good flock. He says he thought they would have run out by that time, and asks for the experience of some breeder on the subject. Woodstock is not a very definite reference, as there is one in Canada, one in England and one in the United States. It would be difficult to find a breeder who has bred in-and-in for 25 years to get such a record of experience from, but perhaps some of our breeders have had a shorter experience that would be valuable to others if made public.







## Horticultural.

## FLORICULTURAL.

For the following we are indebted to the *Indiana Farmer*: The *Tagetes*, or common marigold, has a most interesting history. Tagetes, a Spanish botanist, found it upon the tablelands of Peru. He carried the seed to Europe, where the plant became valued for its medicinal properties. The removal from a tropical to a temperate region developed some eccentricities; the plant produced double instead of single flowers. And after a second removal to Africa, its deep golden yellow changed to a lighter hue. French florists observed its susceptibility to variation, and by selection soon produced the variegated bloom. The marigold came to us from Africa and France. The sweet little *mignonette* is a native of Barbary; the *Nigella* comes from Palestine and Spain; the *anaranthus* from the East Indies, and the larkspur from Siberia; candytuft is indigenous to the Isle of Crete, and is said to be propagated there for sheep pasture; the aster was discovered in China; and so on through a long list of our most common flowering plants. The subject of the nativity of plants is almost exhaustless, and is extremely interesting and profitable.

A French journal gives the simple remedy for mildew in roses of syringing both the upper and lower sides of the leaves with a solution of a fourth of an ounce of salt in two gallons of water—which strikes us as a rather weak application. A stronger wash is made with a pound of flowers of sulphur and a pound of fresh lime in five quarts of water, repeatedly shaking the mixture, and then after setting putting it into a well-corked bottle. For using, a gill of this mixture is put in three gallons of water, and the plants syringed with it.

Vick's *Monthly* states that a good remedy for the insects which infest the rose, is to syringe both surfaces with a solution of whale-oil soap, using one pound of the soap to one gallon of water. Another remedy is kerosene mixed with an equal quantity of milk, a spoonful of the mixture being then stirred in a gallon of water for syringing. In a few hours wash off either of these applications by syringing with clear water. Caution is recommended in the use of carbolic acid on plants, as it will destroy them if used too freely. It is advised to mix a few drops in soap suds made from soft soap, and try its strength on weeds.

Almost all annuals transplant readily; hence, if too thick in one place, they can be readily transplanted to another. Choose a showy day for the purpose, if possible, and lift all the roots that will come with the plants; give them plenty of room. It is common to see them left all in a mass just as the seed came up. The consequence is a weak, spindling growth, and a very early cessation from flowering; whereas, if lifted from six inches to one foot asunder, each plant develops itself in all directions, and keeps a great deal longer in bloom.

A correspondent of the *Floral Instructor* asks whether it is best to sink roses and geraniums in pots in the ground, or transplant them outright, and is answered as follows: "It will depend somewhat on the subsequent disposition of the plants. If it is desired to have the roses bloom in winter, grow the plants in pots, sink the same up to the rim. Once in every few weeks take up the plant and if on examination the pot is full of roots shift to one a size larger; from six to a seven inch, for instance. Keep in the shade a few days and again sink the pot. If this is done say three or four times during summer, and all buds nipped off as they appear, by fall the plant will be in splendid condition to take into the house, where it will bloom all winter."

Flourish tell us that chrysanthemums should be started early in the season. A strong thick sucker with a bit of root makes a good plant. If mildew appears they should be dusted with sulphur. Imperfect buds should be removed, and the plant pruned or pinched back to make its shape symmetrical. Plenty of room must be given to the root, in order to bring the plants to perfection.

"John's Wife," in the household department of the *Tribune and Farmer*, says: "I can truthfully say I scarcely ever lose a slip if the box or pot in which it is rooting is covered with glass. A very large slip of a 'Bird's Wing' Begonia was given to me lately with the remark: 'I doubt if you can make it live. I never can get one to root.' I put it into wet earth, not too rich, and not having any thing made of glass tall and large enough to well cover it, I slipped a brown paper bag over the top of its pot and in this cozy shaded retreat, the plant rooted finely. Since then, I use paper bags in place of glass, to place over large slips. A pennyroyal geranium has lately rooted under paper with but one of its large leaves withering. When I have a quantity of little slips to root, I put them in a box together, slipping four panes of 7x9 window glass between earth and box sides and a pane of glass over them, thus forming a cute little greenhouse, and the plants—why they just grow; stretching up their heads to see all they can. When they are well rooted, I transplant them to single pots or tin cans."

## Pear Growing.

Col. D. S. Curtis, in the *National Farmer*, says: The veteran pomologist, Col. M. P. Wilder, once remarked that "Pear-growers can scarcely go amiss or too far in the use of ashes, charcoal, lime, and salt about the roots of their trees to produce healthy trees and sound fruit."

At a discussion on this topic some time ago, by the Pennsylvania Pomological Society, it was maintained that if cultivation was given at all to pear trees, it was bad policy to do it by plowing near the trees, but that the ground should be dug

or stirred by pronged hoes or spades. It was also urged in the same discussion that no stimulating growth should be made which produced soft, unripe wood late in the season, too late to become hard and mature before frost comes; as such soft wood was subject to speedy injury from frost, and thereby likely to bring on blight or other disease to the unripe wood.

Low branch pruning was also earnestly recommended as beneficial, tending to healthy trees and better fruit. That is, in pruning, limbs should be left low down on the body of the tree, to shade both the trunk and the ground from cold winds and hot sun rays, which injure the roots.

And to make this shading more perfect, mulching the earth for several feet around the trees is found to serve a very good purpose, preserving both moisture and coolness to the roots during the heat of summer, which is highly beneficial to the health of fruit trees, as heat and dryness are injurious to both tree and fruit, tending to blight and other disease.

Wm. Saunders, T. Mehan and Paschall Morris, all good authority in this matter, concurred in the above views of the society.

As to the distance which pear trees should stand from each other, so much depends upon several circumstances that no specific rule or distance can be recommended. It is enough to say, that standard trees require and occupy more room than dwarfs. One thing is certain, that trees are more frequently confined to too small space rather than too much; it is well to give liberal room, where land is plenty, that the air and light may freely circulate among them. No doubt you have all noticed that very generally the outside trees of an orchard are more healthy and vigorous, producing fairer, larger specimens of fruit than the trees of the same variety in the middle of the orchard. It is believed that an orchard of fewer trees, at ample distances, well cared for, will afford more profit, one with another, than a larger number of trees in smaller space, at shorter distances from each other.

Then let the pruning be low down, with short or clipped heads, so that the fruit can be more easily and safely gathered than from taller trees with higher heads.

It is conceded by most growers that the best aspects for pear trees are northern slopes, where they will be less liable to the direct hot rays of the sun, at any time of the year, especially in winter and early spring; as it is well known that the direct rays of the sun on the frozen trees are a most frequent source of destruction or injury to the trees: sudden change from extreme cold, or frosty state, to that of hot sun, is far more severe upon trees than hardest freezing in mid-winter, or the hottest sun of mid-summer.

Another consideration of decided importance is, protection against early sprouting of the fruit buds in spring; often during warm, mild weather in latter part of March and early April, the fruit-buds will begin to put forth and get forward enough so that the cold rough blasts, later in the month, destroy the buds and prevent fruiting. Now trees occupying northern slopes get less direct sun heat; and the buds are slower putting forth, and consequently are less liable to be destroyed by the April blasts of cold winds. Shelter from severe prevailing winds is also desirable.

## Another Danger to Strawberries.

Wm. Trelease, of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, reports to the *N. Y. Tribune* a new assailant of the strawberry, of which he says: "The leaves of wild strawberries are often discolored by one or more reddish-purple blotches, usually  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in diameter, with a brown or white dead center. Similar spots are not uncommon on the leaves of some varieties of cultivated berries. As a general thing they are not so numerous as to injure the plant seriously, though, in common with all diseased conditions of the leaf, they weaken it in proportion to their abundance. Last August strawberry leaves very badly discolored were received from Mr. William S. Trowbridge, of Milwaukee, with the statement that his entire berry patch was threatened with extermination, the disease having appeared in a virulent form and rapidly spread. An examination with the microscope showed that the plants, like those about Madison and in other parts of the country, were suffering from the attacks of a parasitic fungus, which was growing luxuriantly in the diseased leaf tissues. At the time of examination it was fruiting freely, the threads of which it consists emerging in tufts through the breathing-pores of the leaf, and bearing many minute reproductive bodies or spores. In this form the fungus is known as *Ramularia Tulasei*, and the spores mentioned serve for its rapid increase in the growing season.

"Some varieties appear less liable to attack than others. The disease does not appear to spread with dangerous rapidity except in the hot damp weather of mid-summer, and, though it has long been known in a mild form on wild and cultivated plants, I do not know that it has proved very destructive before. It may be possible to keep it somewhat under control, especially on small patches, by removing and burning diseased leaves. There seems to be no way of saving badly injured beds, which should be covered with dry mulch and burned to prevent the spread of the disease. The prompt employment of this measure, if the trouble appears locally, may save the balance of the crop. While there appears to be some ground for alarm, the fungus will probably be destructive only in seasons very favorable to its development, as is the case with the potato blight and similar diseases, so that healthy plants, especially of resistant varieties, set in place of those destroyed last year, may do well this year and next."

DELEVAN, Wis., Sept. 24, 1878. GENTS—I have taken quite a bottle of the Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 78 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

D. BOYCE.

## A New Plan for Training Grape-Vines.

A. J. Caywood, in the *Rural New Yorker*, advocates the following plan of training grape-vines:

"Grape-vines five and-a-half feet high are set in the usual manner, the tops being spotted on one side upon which boards, five or six inches wide and three feet long, are nailed, representing a cross. On the top of these boards are stretched three wires, one on either end and one in the center, and when done it is precisely the same as the pole, cross bar, and three telegraph wires.

"We think it better to plant the vine close to the post, and tie those planted between the posts directly to the wires. In this way the whole space between the wires is unobstructed for the passage of a team. A long string can be used for the middle vines when small. A branch is trained off from the top of the main trunk over the upper side of each wire, which may be pruned in the fall to any desired length. They may be cut enough longer to contain the same number of buds that are left on the four arms of vines trained according to the Kniffin system. The vines should all run in one direction to avoid tangling. But few branches will get off or hang from the side of this trellis, as the vines will cling to the nearest object, and, if desired, these few can easily be thrown over the top.

"The advantages, as we have found them, are: The clusters hang below the foliage, are not tangled with the wood and foliage, as in all other systems, and in a free circulation of air, and dry off quickly in the morning, which protects the bloom and prevents rot. Birds seldom creep down through the foliage to injure the grapes, and they cannot rest on the wing on the under side to do so.

"If the grapes are not cut until after frost the foliage protects the stems from becoming weakened by it, and we have discovered this year that the foliage remains greener longer on these trellises than on vines trained according to the side plan. On vines trained in accordance with all the other systems there are from four to five feet of foliage thrown to the wind; in this only about one foot. Then, again, the wind is allowed to pass under and over the trellis, and consequently it will stand double the pressure withstood by other systems without being blown down.

"We calculate it will cost \$10 per acre for a season for hoeing under the wires in the ordinary way; on this plan the vineyard is cultivated both ways with a team, and a slow workman can keep up in hoeing the little spots left around the vines and posts.

"We find that the grapes are protected above by the foliage during hail-storms, while on side trellises they have been frequently ruined, and last but not least, the fruit is all ripened in the shade, as no grapes ever ripen so early and perfectly in the sun."

## Horticultural Notes.

POISONOUS washes applied to the foliage of trees, vines, etc., are of no avail against those insects which suck the juices of plants instead of eating the leaves or buds.

MR. CHAS. GIBB says that in Russia the flower varieties of plums are raised by planting the trees at an angle of 45 degrees or lower, and bending them down before snow falls in winter, which then covers and protects them completely.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says: "To kill the striped bugs which eat melon, squash or cucumber vines use sulphur. Dip the fingers in the sulphur and touch each leaf in the morning when the dew is on the plants. It is entirely harmless to the plants. Should the beetles leave the plants and go into the ground use it around the stems of the plants."

HERE is the Germantown *Telegraph's* recipe for the cabbage pest: "Take a half pound each of hard soap and kerosene oil, dissolve in three gallons of water, with which thoroughly sprinkle the heads. A single application may be sufficient, but as it may not always be, a second, and perhaps even a third may be necessary. This preparation has been tested over and over in the most careful manner, and it is regarded, though very simple, as a positive remedy."

THE new foe to the strawberry which is working such destruction to the strawberry fields in Southern Illinois, does its damage by penetrating the surface of the young berry, generally at the top, sometimes at one side, sucking away its life leaving the fruit to ripen one-sided, or "buttoned," the center being killed at the point and the base only ripening. It is called the "tarnished plant" insect. No remedy has as yet been found for its ravages, and the journals published in the localities where it is most numerous say that strawberry culture will have to be abandoned unless some manner of checking its increase is discovered.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Massachusetts Plover* advises the application of air slack'ed lime to prevent the ravages of the curculio on plum trees, saying: "Attach to a long pole which will reach the top of the tree a fine sieve, or a large sized corn popper will answer, fill with lime, and commence using when the blossoms fall, and continue using at intervals of ten days; about six applications will be enough; a half a dozen plum trees have been served with this remedy for the past five years, and the result has been full crops and no stings. Apply the lime when the dew is on the trees."

A. F. HOPER says in the *Iowa Register*, in reference to the raspberry: "Feeble canes will bear feeble fruit, and even the strong and thrifty bush will bear inferior berries, if you let the whole cane stand as it is. Spring pruning about one third on top, you will raise more and better berries than if you let the whole cane stand as it is. The berries growing on the extreme ends of the branches, running out from the main stems, are always small and tasteless. The best raspberries will grow about three feet from the ground, and therefore it is advisable to tie the canes to the trellis in an oblique position, so they will lean one over another in an angle of about 50 degrees."

\*Many ladies who had scarcely enjoyed the luxury of feeling well for years have been so renovated by using Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that they have triumphed over the ill flesh is said to be heir to, and life has been crowned with the added charm of a fresher beauty.

Beware of cheap, worthless imitations. Ask for Simmon's Liver Regulator. Be select that for malaria, biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation and head-ache it has no equal.

## Apriarian.

## HANDLING BEES.

A subscriber at Memphis, who omits his name, asks how to handle bees without getting stung. A tarleton veil, which is simply a half yard length of tarleton, the edges sewed together and one end to the rim of an old, moderately wide brimmed hat, and to be tucked in round the face and neck inside the coat, will protect that part of the person; and buckskin or sheepskin gloves will protect the hands. Bees should not be jarred, or irritated by quick motions. They are less irritable when gathering honey than at other times; and we have only to cause them to fill themselves with honey to render them tractable, unless we chance to pinch them. To do this, close the hive and rap on the outside for from four to five minutes. Cook's "Manual of the Apian" recommends smoking the bees, for which purpose the "bellows smoker" has been invented, which is a tin tube attached to a bellows. In the tube cotton cloth, corn-cobs or rotten wood can be burned and by means of the bellows the smoke directed to any part of the hive. Prof. Cook tells how to do it: "Approach the hive, blow a little smoke in at the entrance, then open from above and blow in smoke as required. If at any time the bees seem irritable, a few puffs from the smoker will subdue them."

## Wintering Bees.

Prof. A. J. Cook reports to the *N. Y. Tribune* his experience with bees last winter:

"On the 5th of last October all our bees were prepared for winter. Each colony had 30 pounds of good capped honey. By use of division-boards the bees in each colony were crowded into eight Gallip frames. One colony was given frames of honey containing much pollen; while from the other colonies the pollen was carefully excluded. Seven colonies were in chaff-hives and ten in single-walled hives. All the colonies were well protected above and at sides beyond the division-boards by thick cushions of dry sawdust. On November 14 all the colonies were weighed, and all except four in chaff-hives were placed in the cellar. The temperature of the cellar ranged from 38 deg. to 42 deg. F. The cellar was well ventilated, and had a stream of water flowing through it during the last two months of winter. On April 6 the bees were all removed from the cellar and all colonies were examined and weighed.

"Of the four colonies outdoors one was dead. The bees were all clustered on the frames at one end of the hive, from which they had eaten all the honey. At the opposite end there was abundance of food. The average consumption of the loss of these four was 14½ pounds, the loss of bees very great. Of the thirteen colonies in the cellar, the one with pollen was very weak. It was badly attacked with dysentery, and the only colony thus affected. One colony was dead from starvation, their honey being all consumed. The small decrease in weight shows that they must have been robbed in the autumn between October 5 and November 14. The average loss of honey in the cellar was 4½ pounds. There were very few dead bees and no show of dysentery except in case of the colony with pollen. In the cellar the entrances were all left wide open and the cover of the hives set aside. The sawdust cushions remained over the bees.

"Since setting the bees out there has been no spring dwindling to vex us, nor can we see that the three colonies in chaff-hives from the cellar or those wintered outdoors are doing any better than those in single-walled hives. The above corresponds with the experience of several years in enforcing several facts. 1. Bees are safest, as the winters average, in a good cellar. 2. Bees in such a cellar consume far less stores. 3. In severe winters far less bees die in each hive when wintered in a good cellar. 4. Bees are safer if no pollen is left in the hives in winter. 5. Bees, if well cared for in spring and winter, will suffer no more from 'spring dwindling' if wintered in the cellar in single-walled hives, than if in chaff-hives."

## Where to Put the Apiary.

Let the apiary be placed on a dry soil, and, if convenient, in some quiet spot away from the busy routine of the domestic circle. It should be shaded by trees to relieve the little occupants from the scorching rays of a burning sun, and shield them from too much exposure to strong winds. The best bee house that we have ever used, is one with the back boarded up and with a good shingle roof. The hives should always face the east if possible, as by so doing your bees get the morning sun, and few storms come from that direction to beat against the front of the hives. Let it be located where they can be readily seen in swarming time from some door or window, from the kitchen, if possible, that the women folk may give the alarm in case of swarming. The grass should be kept short by occasional cutting, as it is more convenient to get around the bees, and there is not so much liability of their being lost by falling into the grass. All ant-hills in the immediate neighborhood of the apiary should be destroyed. Spider webs and the like should be kept away from the hives. I would recommend the planting of trees where you are not already favored with them, such as the bass-wood, poplar or tulip trees, horse chestnuts, commonly known as the buckeye, all of which afford a beautiful shade and are known to supply honey in abundance. A room, as sometimes provided in the garret of dwellings, is very objectionable, and we speak decidedly against any such arrangement, as the bees and honey are handled with difficulty.—*Practical Farmer*.

Beware of cheap, worthless imitations. Ask for Simmon's Liver Regulator. Be select that for malaria, biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation and head-ache it has no equal.

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An infallible remedy for all diseases of the Skin and blood, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Pimples, Blotches, &c., &c.  
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1998



Frank McNamara and James Cannon, mol-ders, quarreled at Orville, O., last week, and Cannon was killed by a blow from McNamara's fist, in the face.

The only survivor of the first legislature of Indiana, which met at Corydon about 67 years ago, is Judge John Pitcher, of Mount Vernon, Ind., now aged 89.

John Parry was killed at Kansas City last week, while repairing an electric light, being shocked by the turning on of the current without warning.

A piece of oyster ground off Milford, Conn., 600 acres in extent, has been bought by California parties, who are shipping the seed oysters to be planted in San Francisco Bay.

A delegation of the Irish National League presented a vigorous protest to President Arthur last week, in reference to the wholesale shipping of Irish paupers to this country.

Five Jewish beggars arrested at Mansfield, Mass., had with them \$500 in coin and checks for \$100, also a registered letter showing they had sent a large sum of money to Jerusalem.

Samuel Carter, a Louisville pension claim agent, was last week arrested for fraud in securing \$1,000 pension and a fat fee for himself by swearing that one Emily Johnson was his own mother.

Thirty Texas steers escaped from a Chicago stock yard on the night of the 20th and kept the police in business till daylight. The cattle were trapped and killed two women and badly injured another.

On the 21st a terrific tornado struck about 15 miles southwest of Chillicothe, Mo., leveling about 25 or 30 farm houses and spreading havoc in its track. Two men were killed and nearly 20 injured.

The national exposition of railroad property and appliances at Chicago closed last Saturday. Though a grand success in respect to the display, the exposition proved a failure in a financial point of view.

A hurricane in the vicinity of Chatham, Ont., last week, completely destroyed a railroad bridge being built across the Thames, and five employees were forced to jump into the river for comparative safety.

A young woman named Kessler, just married at Campbellford, Ont., and returning from the minister's in a buggy on the 20th with her husband, was thrown out and killed by the horse running away.

In Pawnee Co., Nebraska, extensive floods devastated a large section of country, owing to the sudden rise of the Nemaha river. Sixteen persons have been killed and the damage to crops and property is very great.

Mrs. Livingston, of Brooklyn, who recently got a \$50,000 verdict against Henry Fleming for breach of promise of marriage, finally compromised on \$15,000 and now her lawyer has \$14,000 of this amount for her fees.

Hopkins laundry, at Troy, N. Y., was burned on the 22nd. One hundred girls were employed in the building, but heroic exertions were made to save them, and it is believed all were rescued. The loss of property is about \$40,000.

Ryan, the sharper who collected money from New York actors and actresses on the pretense that he was authorized to take contributions for the sufferers by the western floods, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

Frederick Layton, a wealthy pork packer of Milwaukee, has decided to build an art gallery at a cost of \$100,000 and present it unconditionally to the city. He left yesterday for Europe to study the architecture and management of foreign art galleries.

Smith has been begun already against the managers of the Chicago Railway exposition by a Washington man who sues for damages because his wife fence which he wished to enter for a prize without paying the entrance fee of \$5, was thrown out. He wants \$25,000.

A great deal of low land about East St. Louis, Ill., is flooded by back water from the river, and many families have been obliged to quit their homes. Bottom lands at different points along the lower Missouri are submerged and crops injured to a greater or less extent.

It now looks as if Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, who has been suing the city of New Orleans, La., for an immense sum of money on an old claim, would win, and the city be obliged to pay. She has obtained a judgment for \$1,036,000, which the city must raise by special taxation.

James Dray, aged 30, and his son Rudolph, aged 15, lost their lives by suffocation from foul air in a well, at Shoreport, La., last week. The boy started down the well and was suffocated. The father started to help him, but was also suffocated. Both were dead when brought to the surface.

Robert Nell, superintendent of Fowler Bros.' Chicago lard factory, testifies that the stories of adulteration told by former employees are untrue; that they refer simply to an experiment tried but once; and that such adulterations as they swore to could not possibly pass without detection.

While immersing Miss Martha Cheeny near Shelbyville, Ind., the other day, both pastor and convert went to the bottom and would doubtless have drowned had they not been promptly fished out by bystanders. Miss Cheeny weighs 300 pounds and was more than he could handle.

Col. Bliss stole a march on all the other government counsel by drawing the last dollar of the present fiscal year appropriation for assistant district attorneys. He presented a bill for \$5,000, but learned that there was only \$1,000 remaining in the treasury. He altered his requisition to that amount and scooped in every penny of it.

At Watkyn, Ont., last week, Mrs. Riley Clark, having been ill for a long time, heard of a certain kind of herb that would cure her cure. She had some of it gathered, and made of it a tea of which she drank. The decoction proved to be poisonous, and half an hour after she had taken her first dose of it she was a corpse.

Col. Rochester, the government historian of the battle of Gettysburg, has secured the passage of a bill by the Michigan legislature appropriating \$5,000 to be expended by the Gettysburg battle field memorial association in the purchase of a monument to the prevention of certain portions of the field. Pennsylvania has also appropriated \$10,000 and Minnesota \$1,000, for the same purpose.

The dyke between St. Louis and Alton, on the Illinois side of the river, broke in five places on the 23rd. The crevasses are growing rapidly, and water is rushing through them at a terrible rate. It is expected that the entire bottom north of East St. Louis, embracing from 50 to 60 square miles, will be flooded. It is feared also, that unless means can be found to check the volume of water, East St. Louis itself will be inundated.

At Gibson, Pa., on the 21st, fire laid waste the business part of the town. Two large warehouses containing 10,000 barrels of whisky, are among the buildings destroyed. The warehouses were solid stone structures, 50 feet wide, 250 feet long and four stories high, with iron shutters and slate roofs, but the explosion of the burning whisky nearly demolished them. Seventeen persons were seriously injured. The loss exceeds \$500,000.

The Barker boys, desperadoes who shot sheriff Shepley at Fayette Co., Iowa, last year, were captured after a desperate struggle near Tripoli last week, by five men who surrounded the house where they sought food. Every one of the attacking party received a bullet from the outlaws' revolvers, and one man was instantly killed. The outlaws were taken to the jail at Waverly, but the authorities learned a mob was preparing to lynch the prisoners, and so removed them to the jail at Independence. The mob searched the jail at Waverly, then quietly dispersed.

It seems to Satisfy

A family want, and I wonder how we ever got along without Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cured me of nervous prostration, and I have used it since for all sorts of complaints in our family. Mrs. Jones, Albany.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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## THE "BUCKEYE" SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATOR.

FOUR COMPLETE MACHINES IN ONE!

First: Beats any Cultivator made for Corn. Second: Will work a harder Summer Fallow than any Fallow Cultivator. Third: Will tear up less Sods than any Floating Harrow. Fourth: Is a first-class Broadcast Seeder.

P. P. MAST & CO., Manufacturers, Springfield, Ohio.

E. P. BURRALL, State Agent, Jackson, Michigan.

When in Detroit and Looking for

CARPETS,

CURTAINS

— OR —

Furniture Coverings

ABBOT & KETCHUM,

have the Largest Stock and Best Variety in the State.

A special purchase of

LACE CURTAINS,

3½ yards long, from \$1.35 per pair worth \$3.00 per pair.

Agents for the "STANDARD" and "AU-RORA" Carpet Sweepers.

Abbot & Ketchum

141 Woodward Avenue,

DETROIT, MICH.

NEW RUMELY

SEPARATOR.

Peninsular Steam Heat

FRUIT DRIER.

FOR FACTORY USE.

Eclipses All Others.

NEW PROCESS.

Write for Descriptive Pamphlet, address

GRANGER & SIBLEY, Armada, Mich.

Foreign.

Rt. Rev. John Coleman, Bishop of Natal, Africa, is dead.

Anti-Jewish riots at St. Gall, Switzerland, last week, were suppressed only after the military was called out.

Floods in Silesia continue and great losses of property are reported. The Neisse River is higher than at any time since 1829.

A monument to Garibaldi is to be erected on the Franco-Italian frontier, as a symbol of the feeling of harmony between the two nations.

Quebec will appeal to the Imperial council against the Supreme Court decision that the local government stamp act is unconstitutional.

French troops have captured the customs and all roads leading to the capital of Madagascar, and are now awaiting the Queen's capitulation.

Louise Michel's trial in Paris ended in a verdict of guilty. She was sentenced to six years' imprisonment and ten years of police supervision.

There was a bloody fight between Albanians and Turks last week, in the Hotte district; two hundred and fifty of the latter were killed or wounded.

Yellow fever is making fearful ravages at Vera Cruz among Europeans and Americans; one thousand persons having died of the disease in the past two months.

Lord Randolph Churchill has created a sensation by writing to Gladstone that he is in possession of proofs that the Khedive was the instigator of the massacre at Alexandria, and that he (Churchill) will present an indictment of the Khedive and do his utmost to sustain it.

In reply Gladstone simply says that any step the government may take the position of the Khedive as the ruler of Egypt will be duly regarded.

Avoid by all means the use of calomel for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills, compounded entirely of vegetable ingredients, have been tested for forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy ever devised for torpidity of the liver, costiveness and all derangements of the digestive apparatus.

Ayer's Sassaaparilla operates radically upon the blood, and is a safe, reliable and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints and disorders due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

A. H. PERKINS, 44 Larned St., West, Detroit, Mich.

## THE COQUILLARD WAGON

THE FARMER'S FAVORITE.

These wagons are made of the best wood and iron to be procured and are put together by the most experienced workmen. Every one warranted to give satisfaction, both in respect to the quality of material and workmanship. They are also noted for their lightness of draft and ease of running.

Carriages, Buggies & Sleighs

of superior workmanship always on hand.

Send for circular and Price List.

A. COQUILLARD, South Bend, Ind.

Potato Bug LONDON PURPLE Potato Bug

Poison. TRADE MARK.

Nearest dealer has not got it, write to HEMINGWAY'S LONDON PURPLE CO., Limited P. O. Box 900, No. 30 Water Street, New York, who will send prices and testimonials.

NEW STYLE BUCKEYE FORCE PUMP

Works easy and throws a constant stream of water. Has Porcelain Lined Brass Cylinders. Is easily set. Is the Cheapest and Best Force Pump in the world for Deep or Shallow Wells. Is used in every part of the United States. Never freezes in winter. Send for Circulars and Prices, giving depth of well.

MAST, FOOS & CO., Manufacturers, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

A FARM FOR SALE

one mile north of Fowlerville, in the town of Hanley, 80 acres, 60 under the plow; a good frame house; driving well; small fruits and orchard; will sell land alone or team, tools, stock and crops. For particulars, address HENRY CROPP, 319-20 Fowlerville, Mich.

A No. 1 Farm For Sale

The farm owned by the late Abel Beers, in Bennington, Shawansee Co., Mich., 84 miles south of Fowlerville, 4 miles north of Perry station on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroad. The farm consists of 280 acres of first class farm land, 220 acres well improved, two good houses, two large barns, two never-failing wells, two windmills, fine fruit and splendid water in abundance. Near school and church. For particulars apply on the premises or address

MRS. CATHARINE R. BEERS, a17-1 Pittsburgh, Shawansee Co., Mich.

D. sirable Farm For Sale.

The "Mission Farm" adjoining the village of Mt. Pleasant, Mich., consisting of 160 acres, can be purchased on easy terms. There are 130 acres improved, well fenced and underdrained; good buildings; fine fruit and splendid water in abundance. Within half a mile of depot; ready for the farmer. For a home. Stock, fruit, grain or cash. Information can be obtained at the farm or from

GEO. A. BAKER, Saginaw Mich.

Early Crown Field Peas, clean, no bugs, Canada grown, early, grow a large strong vine that will support itself, only \$1.50 per bushel. French Sugar and Mangel Wurtzel Beet, Turnip and Ruta Baga, English and French seed, best produced in the world.

GEO. W. HILL, 80 Woodbridge St., Detroit, Mich.

OIL CAKE.

GROUND and UNGROUND

Genuine Old Process.

Best and cheapest feed in the world. Low freight rates and prices. Write for particulars to

JOSEPH HUGHES & CO., Lined Oil Works, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

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For 1883.

Will be mailed free to all applicants, and to customers of 175 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and full directions for planting. Includes: 1. Vegetable and Flower Seeds, 2. Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to market gardeners. Send for it.

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MAILED FREE.

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Over the Garden Wall, and 100 other Choice Songs and Ballads worth and music for 15c. PATTEN & Co., 47 Barclay St., N.Y.

## MOST EXTENSIVE PURE BRED LIVE-STOCK ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

New Importations Constantly Arriving.

Choice Breeding Stock.

Percheron-Norman Horses.

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## DIRECTORY

Michigan Breeders.

CATTLE—Shorthorns.

JOHN F. DREW, Jackson, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle and hogs for sale. Correspondence solicited. Residence seven miles north on Gravel Road.

J. L. BROOKS, Novi, Oakland Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle and Jersey Red Hogs; stock for sale. Write for prices. Apr 29

A. D. GARMO, Highland, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and thoroughbred Jersey Red Hogs. Young stock for sale at reasonable prices. my15-6m

BENJ. F. BATCHELOR, Oceola Center, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and hogs. Herd consists of young males and hogs for sale. Correspondence solicited. my8-17

C. S. BROOKS, Brighton, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and hogs. Herd consists of young males and hogs for sale. Correspondence solicited. my8-17

ROBT. MILLIKEN, Almont, Macomb Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and



## Poetry.

## CUTTING OFF THE BABY'S CURLS.

My beautiful darling ran in from his play,  
His blue eyes swimming with tears unshed;  
"The boys all call me a 'dirl,' mamma,  
And I ain't a dirl," he said.  
"It's 'cause I've dot curls, and they're just like a dirl's,  
And I wish you'd cut off all these mischievous curls."

I held my darling close, close to my breast,  
And I hushed his sobs with a sigh and a smile,  
But oh, my heart was so ill at rest  
As I thought of the past the while;  
Must I sever those ringlets, half silk, half gold,  
That lovingly over my fingers rolled?

I thought of the baby kisses and wiles;  
Alas! had my baby gone far away?  
Must I look in vain for his dream-like smiles,  
And watch him no more at his play?  
Nor call him my "wee dimpled pearl of pearls,"  
While I stealthily fondled the hated curls?

I lifted them gently—my boy, my pet,  
Still sobbed and still clamored to have them  
shorn.  
His cheeks were like scarlet, his eyes were wet  
As he clasped his playmate's neck;  
And my own eyes were heavy with unshed tears  
As the shining tresses fell off the shears.

It was done—my darling no longer wept,  
But proudly held up his head as he ran,  
"See! now you can't call me a dirl any more,  
My curls are all gone—it's a man!"  
Ah, poor little mangle, what did he care  
That my tears fell hot on that glistening hair!

I laid them aside in a carved box,  
Those living tresses of amber glow,  
And I look at them now with a yearning glow,  
Though my locks are as white as the snow;  
And they straighten and spring into spirals of gold  
At the touch of my treasured hand, as of old.

And I think of the head where they clustered  
soft,  
Of the tearful woe and the wet blue eyes;  
And I wish if my ringlets are grown again,  
In his beautiful home in the skies.  
My baby! his triumph was brief as a dream—  
He died on my bosom a little child.

I had dreamed my dreams of the coming man,  
My proud high dreams, but they never led  
So high as the heavens to which he has gone,  
Or stooped to that narrow bed;  
They were full of glory, untroubled by pain—  
Now God has the glory, and he the gain.

And I sometimes see through the open door  
My darling, my baby, my pearl of pearls!  
His hands outstretched, and his shoulders hid  
In a cloud of golden curls.  
Ah! me, these tresses will never grow gray,  
Yet my tears fall like rain as I hide them away.

—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

## A ROMANCE.

Bird, in thy lonely nest,  
Fluttering often with a strange unrest,  
Why sing no song? Why entertain no guest?  
O say! dost thou not  
The coming of a heart-appointed mate,  
While visions haunt that heart so desolate?

Though Love with fiftal gleams  
Doth light thee through the happy land of dreams  
When thou awakest, dark thy future seems;  
Yet all the woods around,  
With sweet melodies of birds resound,  
Answer, sweet voice! none sweeter can be found

Nay, if to charm thine eyes  
Love come not suddenly—a glad surprise—  
There is no hope for thee beneath the skies.  
Life must this rapture bring,  
Or thou wilt hide thy head and droop thy wing  
And die, e'er thou hast ever learned to sing!

—E. C. WHITE, in Our Continent.

## Miscellaneous.

## WHAT KATIE DID.

'Twas when I was courting Katie that  
the accident I am going to tell you about  
happened. But for that same accident I  
don't think Katie and I would be man and  
wife this day, for you see my father was  
set again the match, Katie being only a  
laborer's daughter, while he himself was  
foreman in the mills, getting good wages,  
and thought a deal of by his employers.  
An' if it wasn't for Katie I don't think I  
could see them coming from all parts, for  
of course I had a view all about. I saw a  
boy go up to the door of the counting  
house, and presently Master Phillip came  
out, running as if for his life. When he  
came he took the command like, and be-  
gan giving directions; an' the people who  
had only stared at first, now ran here and  
there as he sent them. First they brought  
out a long ladder, an' fixed it on the roof  
below the chimney. I could have told  
them that 'twas too short, knowing as I  
did the length of every ladder in the place,  
but somehow, though I heard their shouts  
plainly, I could not make them hear mine.  
It seemed as if the voices went up like  
smoke. Then there was a great delay  
while they went for a longer ladder, an'  
this, too, didn't reach halfway. A man  
climbed up it, however, and called out to  
know had I a bit of string in my pocket  
that I could let down. Not a bit could I  
find, I had had a ball only the day before,  
but I had taken it out of my pocket an'  
put it on a shelf at home. I took off my  
braces an' fastened them an' my pocket-  
kerchief together, but they didn't  
nearly reach the top of the ladder, so that  
plan had to be given up.

All this time the wind was rising an' I  
was getting stiff an' cramped from being  
so long in one position. There was a big  
clock right over the gateway, just oppo-  
site, and I saw that it only wanted twenty  
minutes of five; it would be nearly dark  
at five, an' once the darkness set in, that  
little hole I had would then be gone.  
Master Phillip seemed to have gone  
away by this time, but there was my  
father, among the crowd, an' who should  
I see standing next him an' holding on by  
his arm, but Katie! They had forgotten  
everything but the fright about me, an'  
he seemed to be talking to her, an' com-  
forting her.

After a bit, I saw Master Phillip again;  
he had a big thing in his hand looking like  
pocket-handkerchiefs, stretched out over a  
frame, an' I saw that they meant to send  
a string up to me in that way. But you  
never, in all your life, saw such an un-  
manageable kite. First, 'twas too heavy,  
an' then 'twas too light, and then the time  
they seemed to lose making a tail to  
steady it! I heard after that, that part of  
the same tale was made of bank notes. Mas-  
ter Phillip took out of his pocket, when he  
could get nothing else quick enough. He  
got them all back later, for not a man,  
woman or child in the place would have  
touched one of them when they saw him  
using them in such a way.

of his coming around, an' very little hope  
we had of that same.

As we were putting up a steam engine  
in the mill, we had of course to have a big  
chimney, an' we got a man down from  
town to build it, one of them chaps that  
builds chimneys and nothing else, an'  
thinks nobody knows anything about it  
but himself. I was working along with  
him, and indeed 'twas I that built most  
of it, and a right good job it was. 'Twas  
finished by Christmas, ten years ago this  
Christmas coming on, all but the lightning  
conductor, and that was not put up owing  
to the master's wanting to make inquiries  
when he'd go to London, an' to see for  
himself what would be the best kind to  
use. The master was a scientific sort of a  
gentleman, and had ideas of his own;  
sometimes they'd be better than other  
people's, sometimes not so good. At any  
rate, there was a delay about the conduc-  
tor an' in the meantime the engines were  
at work, and the big chimney was smok-  
ing away like blazes. Mr. Brown, the  
strange workman, had gone away, saying,  
very condescending like, that he was sure  
Jim Ford (that was me) would be able to  
fasten the rod to the chimney as well as  
he could do it himself. He took all his  
scaffolding with him, but before he went  
away he fixed a beam with a pulley in it  
into the top of the chimney, an' left a long  
rope hanging through it, so that a man  
could be hoisted up at any time; an' there  
the rope hung dangling, week after week,  
until the master came home, bringing the  
rod along with him.

Once it had come, there was no good  
losing any more time in fixing it, so one  
Saturday in January, up I went on a plank,  
slung securely at the end of the rope, my  
tools along with me an' settled myself as-  
tride on the stone coping. 'Twas rather  
late in the day, but the morning had been  
too wet an' stormy to work, an' the master  
was impatient to get the job done as if it  
hadn't been himself that was hindering it  
all this time. I was as much at home atop  
of the chimney as I was on the ground, an'  
I worked on without once looking down  
until my job was finished an' I was  
putting up my tools. Then, all of a sud-  
den, I heard a rattling noise, an' looking  
over, I see the plank going down very fast.  
I called out, "Hullo, there! send that up  
again, will you?" but the only answer I  
got was a loud laugh, for all the world like  
silly Jerry the natural's; and sure enough,  
there he was, standing by the windlass,  
jumping an' clapping his hands. I looked  
about for the man whose business it was  
to manage the windlass, but not a sign of  
him was there, an' in a minute I heard the  
rattling of the pulley again, an' saw that  
the rope was running through it in the  
wrong direction. I made a grab at it, but  
'twas jerked out of my hand, an' before I  
could catch it again the end had slipped  
through, an' there I was, more than a  
hundred feet from the ground, not know-  
ing how in the world I was to get down,  
an' Jerry dancing and capering below,  
calling out, "Come down and thrash me  
now, Mr. Ford, won't you?" Then I re-  
membered very distinctly that a few days  
before I had found this boy annoying, an'  
Katie, an' had given him a cut with a  
switch I had in my hand. He had slunk  
away without a word at the time, but it  
seemed he remembered the blow, and took  
this way of being revenged.

Well, at first I was scarcely frightened,  
expecting somehow that, once the people  
below knew the fix I was in, they'd find  
some way or other of getting me out of it.  
But when I came to think of it, I deuce  
a bit of a way could I hit on myself, an' sure  
I knew more about chimneys than any one  
else in the place. 'Twas getting late, too;  
there wouldn't be much more than another  
half-hour of daylight, an' the wind was  
rising—I could hear the whistling  
through the trees.

By this time the people knew what had  
happened, an' a crowd was collecting;  
I could see them coming from all parts, for  
of course I had a view all about. I saw a  
boy go up to the door of the counting  
house, and presently Master Phillip came  
out, running as if for his life. When he  
came he took the command like, and be-  
gan giving directions; an' the people who  
had only stared at first, now ran here and  
there as he sent them. First they brought  
out a long ladder, an' fixed it on the roof  
below the chimney. I could have told  
them that 'twas too short, knowing as I  
did the length of every ladder in the place,  
but somehow, though I heard their shouts  
plainly, I could not make them hear mine.  
It seemed as if the voices went up like  
smoke. Then there was a great delay  
while they went for a longer ladder, an'  
this, too, didn't reach halfway. A man  
climbed up it, however, and called out to  
know had I a bit of string in my pocket  
that I could let down. Not a bit could I  
find, I had had a ball only the day before,  
but I had taken it out of my pocket an'  
put it on a shelf at home. I took off my  
braces an' fastened them an' my pocket-  
kerchief together, but they didn't  
nearly reach the top of the ladder, so that  
plan had to be given up.

All this time the wind was rising an' I  
was getting stiff an' cramped from being  
so long in one position. There was a big  
clock right over the gateway, just oppo-  
site, and I saw that it only wanted twenty  
minutes of five; it would be nearly dark  
at five, an' once the darkness set in, that  
little hole I had would then be gone.  
Master Phillip seemed to have gone  
away by this time, but there was my  
father, among the crowd, an' who should  
I see standing next him an' holding on by  
his arm, but Katie! They had forgotten  
everything but the fright about me, an'  
he seemed to be talking to her, an' com-  
forting her.

After a bit, I saw Master Phillip again;  
he had a big thing in his hand looking like  
pocket-handkerchiefs, stretched out over a  
frame, an' I saw that they meant to send  
a string up to me in that way. But you  
never, in all your life, saw such an un-  
manageable kite. First, 'twas too heavy,  
an' then 'twas too light, and then the time  
they seemed to lose making a tail to  
steady it! I heard after that, that part of  
the same tale was made of bank notes. Mas-  
ter Phillip took out of his pocket, when he  
could get nothing else quick enough. He  
got them all back later, for not a man,  
woman or child in the place would have  
touched one of them when they saw him  
using them in such a way.

When the kite did go up at last, the  
wind was so high that they could not man-  
age it properly. It came near once, an'  
I made a snatch at the string, nearly  
over reaching myself in doing so; but I  
missed it, an' just then there came a terri-  
ble gust of wind, the string broke, an' the  
kite was carried away and stuck fast in the  
branches of a big tree, behind the master's  
house. I looked over at the clock, to see  
how much time was left me, an' I found  
that I could not see the hands any longer,  
the darkness had come on in the last few  
minutes. Then I gave up all hope, for I  
knew I could never hold on till morning.  
I tried to think of death, an' to make my-  
self ready for it, but I couldn't; not a  
prayer or good word could I call to mind,  
only going over and over again in my  
head the way 'twould all happen—how the  
people would go away, one by one; how  
I'd be left all alone in the darkness an'  
howling wind, an' how, at last, I'd not be  
able to hold on any longer, an' fall, an'  
be found in the morning all crushed out of  
shape.

The people below seemed to have given  
up all thought of helping me now, an'  
were standing quite quiet. 'Twas so dark  
by this time that I could not distinguish  
the faces all; I could just make out Mas-  
ter Phillip in his dark suit among the  
white mill men, an' poor Kate. She was  
crouching on the ground now, her apron  
over her head. All of a sudden I saw her  
leap up with a great cry, an' clap her  
hands, an' call out something. Then there  
was a confused sort of shout, as if every  
one in the crowd was saying the same  
thing at the same time, an' then Master  
Phillip making a sign to silence them, put  
his two hands up to his mouth, and sang  
out in a voice that came up to me above  
the noise of the wind:

"Take off your stockings and ravel it  
till the thread will reach the ground."

At first I didn't understand him, being  
dazed like, but then the meaning came to  
me like a message from heaven. I got off  
one of my socks with some trouble, nice  
new ones they were, too, of Katie's own  
knitting, that she had given me for a Chris-  
mas box, and with the help of my Chris-  
tened end of the thread. It gave  
readily enough after that, an' when I had  
a good piece of it ripped, I tied my knife  
to the end of it to make it heavy, an' let it  
drop, ripping more an' more of the sock,  
as it went down. Then I felt it stop, an'  
presently there came a shout telling me  
to wind it up again. Very slowly an' care-  
fully I did it, fearing the string would  
break, an' when the last bit of it came up,  
there was a piece of strong twine tied to  
the end of it. The twine in its turn  
brought the rope that I had gone up by,  
an' then I felt that I was safe.

I managed somehow to put it through  
the pulley an' to haul up the plank, an'  
as soon as they had fastened the other end  
to the windlass below they gave me the  
word to come down. I was so numb an'  
stiff that I could not fix myself on the  
plank, but I managed somehow to cling  
to the ropes with my hands. Down, down  
I came, every turn of the windlass making  
the voices below seem nearer an' nearer,  
and when I was within a few feet of the  
ground there was a dozen pair of arms  
ready to catch me, an' a score of hands  
held out to me, an' a hundred voices to  
welcome me. An' there was my father  
waiting for me, an' Master Phillip saying:  
"But for the girl he'd have been up  
there still. Not one of the rest of us  
would have thought of the stocking; 'twas  
the brightest idea I've come across this  
many a day. She has saved his life, Ford,  
and you can't refuse your consent any  
longer."

But when I looked round for Katie she  
was nowhere to be seen. She must have  
slipped off as soon as she saw I was safe.  
Master Phillip hurried my father an' me  
away, I didn't quite know where, I was  
so dazed, but in a minute or two I found  
myself in a warm, lighted dining-room at  
the master's house, an' Master Phillip  
pouring out a glass of brandy for me, an'  
shaking hands with my father. I was glad  
to get the brandy, for I was worn out with  
fright an' cold; but as soon as I could, I  
made my escape, an' went down to Katie's  
cottage. I hadn't been there five minutes  
when there was a knock at the door, and  
in walks my father. He went straight up  
to Katie, holding out his hand.

"Katie, my girl," he said, "I've come  
to ask your pardon for anything I've ever  
said or done against you; an' if you and  
Jim are still of the same mind, I won't  
hinder you from marrying. 'Tis you that  
have the best right to him, for you've  
saved his life."

—

## The Man of the Future.

There is little use in dreaming about  
the man of the future, for, for anything  
we know or can help, some horrid little  
teredo, or other evil-minded insect may  
learn how to eat the silica-covered grasses;  
produce a corn disease, and alter all hu-  
man destinies; but granting that present  
conditions continue for a thousand years,  
three changes in man are at least within  
the range of possibility. The peoples,  
brought close by electric railways, steam-  
ers and education, will, in all human  
probability, give up the prejudice of race  
and largely cross their blood. Past evi-  
dence shows that when that occurs, as it  
did once in India, the dark races gave the  
white races their tinge, but take their out-  
line of form; and the usual man would  
be a well-formed human being, slighter  
and rounder than the present European,  
and with skin of a very light brown, dark  
eyes and hair uniformly black. Then the  
human race will be crowded, and, being  
crowded, will have a fierce struggle for  
means, and in that struggle will de-  
velop the enduring power of the China-  
man, the best industrial of the world, who  
will work sixteen hours a day and put  
will into his labor all the while. The  
slight, brown man, will, therefore be very  
strong and industrious. And, finally, he  
will have had a thousand years of brain  
to-day, or Mr. Kay Robinson's hair-  
less, toothless, club-toed, timid and  
non-locomotive monstrosity.—London  
Spectator.

## "Bachus-Palpa."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney  
Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

## DOCTOR BISTOURY'S NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

"Tell you what, doctor, you'll be get-  
ting robbed and murdered one of these  
days; you will, upon my word."

"Hardly, my boy. You ought to know  
by this time that it's the province of us  
doctors to kill other people, not to be  
killed ourselves," and with a thick chuckle  
at his own wit, Dr. John Hunter Bistoury  
settled himself comfortably in his chair,  
and began to peel his third orange as  
carefully as though he was taking off a  
limb.

"Look here, doctor, I'm not joking—  
I'm not indeed! Everyone knows that  
you are a rich man; and it's got abroad  
that there's a room in your house which is  
always shut up—the very thing to make  
people think there must be something very  
valuable stowed away there; and yet, after  
all that, you go on living in this big  
house, without a soul near you except the  
cook and old Sam yonder, who wouldn't  
be worth a cent in a real scrimmage!"

"Well, my boy," said the Dr. with a  
curious smile, "would it tranquilize your  
mind if I were to engage a night-watch-  
man?"

"I should think so. That would be  
just the thing."

"Very good. Consider it done."  
This room, of which Harry had spoken  
as being "always shut up," was a standing  
puzzle to the doctor's few intimates. Not  
a man of them had ever crossed its thresh-  
old; and its master when questioned on  
the subject, answered oddly by some  
joking evasion. Rumor whispered that  
one adventurous gentleman, rendered  
desperate by his wife's threats to give him  
no peace till he found out "what Dr.  
Bistoury kept hid in that room of his,"  
had actually attempted a burglarious  
entrance; but the attempt, if ever made,  
had been unsuccessful. It is needless to  
say that countless conjectures, and not a  
few heavy bets likewise, were constantly  
made respecting the contents of this Blue-  
beard chamber.

Against this ingenious theory there  
was only one thing to be said—the doctor  
had never had a wife to immure. The  
flagrant treason against the sex was the  
more unpardonable inasmuch as he had  
had abundant opportunities of changing  
his condition; had he but chosen to avail  
himself of them. To most of those who  
questioned him on the subject, he replied  
that he was wedded to his profession, and  
that any other union would be fat  
bigamy; but to his friend Harry Everette,  
in a moment of after-dinner confidence,  
he told a very different story.

"My medical cousin Alice was the wo-  
man who ought to have been Mrs. Bis-  
toury, and an admirable fellow-practitioner  
she would have been for me. The way  
in which she once cut a splinter out of my  
thumb did equal honor to her hand or  
heart; and when she was only thirteen,  
she bought a skeleton with her uncle's  
birthday gift of five dollars—a fact—and  
articulated it in a manner that was really  
masterly. But in an evil hour she became  
tainted with a fancy for homeopathy; and  
after that of course all was over between  
us. Such is life!"

The doctor's agreement to engage a  
night-watchman quieted Harry's appre-  
hensions for the time being, but a few  
weeks later he returned to the attack once  
more. "I say, doctor, have you got that  
night-watchman yet?"

"Yes, some time ago."

"Well, he don't seem to do his duty,  
then, for I've passed this way at all hours  
of the night, and never seen him. Are  
quite sure he's to be trusted?"

"Wait and see," said the doctor, oracu-  
larly.

And Everette waited but did not see.  
The invisible watchman remained as in-  
visible as ever; and Harry, out of patience  
with his friend's seeming infatuation, had  
almost decided to take some decisive step  
on his own authority, when a new com-  
plication introduced itself into the drama.  
This was nothing less than the temporary  
retirement of the doctor's veteran man-  
servant—popularly known as "Old Sam"  
—whose health had begun to give way so  
manifestly that his master insisted on  
sending him into the country on a three  
months' holiday, replacing him with an-  
other man, who had volunteered as  
promptly as if he had been keeping his  
eye on the place for a year past. The  
new-comer was a grave, smooth-faced  
tacturn man who moved as noiselessly  
as a shadow, and seemed a living combi-  
nation of the two proverbial requisites of  
a good servant, silence and obedience.

But although the doctor and his friends  
highly approved of this model domestic,  
there was one man who did not. That  
one was Harry Everette, who lost no time  
in announcing his opinion. "Look here,  
doctor; I don't want to be always bother-  
ing you about this robbery idea, but it's a  
fact that that new fellow of yours is up  
to some mischief. I was coming home  
pretty late last night, when I caught sight  
of him standing at the garden gate, talk-  
ing to a couple of men. One of them  
happened to turn his face to the lamplight  
as I passed, and I knew him at once for a  
noted thief who goes by the name of  
"Badger Bill."

"Indeed! Are you sure of that?"  
"Quite sure. You know I never forget  
a face I have once seen."  
"Ah! In that case it is time for me to  
act."

The last word was so curiously empha-  
sized, that Harry, who was not wanting  
in shrewdness, began to suspect that his  
persistent warnings to the doctor had not  
been superfluous, after all, and that the old  
gentleman was quite equal to the emer-  
gency.

This suspicion was confirmed one eve-  
ning about a week later, when the Dr.  
dropped in on him unexpectedly, saying:  
"Give me some dinner, my boy. You  
have no engagement for this evening, I  
know, so I'm going to be very benevolent,  
and find you some amusement myself.  
Have you ever read the Count of Monte  
Christo? because you're going to see a  
character of it dramatized to-night, and  
pretty effectively, too."

"What do you mean?" asked Everette,  
staring.

"Why, you see, I told my servants a  
few days ago that I should be away from  
home to-night, and my cook naturally

seized the chance of getting an evening  
out; consequently the house will be under  
the sole charge of that worthy man-ser-  
vant of mine, against whom you are so  
unaccountably prejudiced. It's quite  
possible the two honest gentlemen with  
whom you saw him talking the other  
night may be kind enough to enliven his  
solitude with a visit and so—"

Harry sprang to his feet and cut a caper  
worthy of a dancing dervish, snapping his  
fingers by way of accompaniment.

"Capital first rate! I see it all now!  
But come now, doctor, why on earth  
couldn't you tell me before that you were  
up to the whole game, instead of letting  
me make a fool of myself by preaching to  
a man that is as smart as any six of me?"

"Never mind, my boy," said the doctor,  
laughing. "Your warning was kindly  
meant, all the same. Eat your dinner—  
you'll want it before the evening is over,  
I can promise you—and then we'll have  
our talk."

Dinner over, the doctor lit one of the  
incomparable cigars which were his sole  
luxury; and proceeded to expound his plan  
of action.

"I've locked up the outer room that  
opens into my mysterious chamber, which  
puts two strong doors between it and  
robbers. My estimable servant will warn  
them of this, and they'll try the window  
instead. He'll let them in by the  
garden door, and give them the ladder  
that lies beside to mount it by. We'll hide  
in the stable, which—thanks to my keep-  
ing it—my brougham elsewhere—has been  
unused so long that no one would dream  
of suspecting it, but I can open the door  
easy enough."

"And then," broke in Harry, eagerly,  
"we'll go for them the minute they appear,  
I'll be a fine chance to use my new re-  
volver."

"Better leave it at home," said the  
doctor, quietly, "we shall want no weap-  
ons for this job."

"Why, are you going to mesmerize the  
fellows?" asked Everette, completely mysti-  
fied.

"Wait and see," chuckled the doctor.  
"We needn't be there till eleven, for by  
my honest domestic will make sure, before  
giving the signal, that I am not coming  
back; and besides, an experienced burglar  
seldom begins work till after midnight.  
The only thing to be sure of is that no-  
body sees us getting in."

But in this fortune favored them, and as  
the doctor had foretold, the lock of the  
stable door, rusty as it looked, moved  
without difficulty, and the two con-  
spirators glided in unseen and unheard.

Wary, weary work, crouched there in  
the darkness, with ear and eye strained to  
the utmost for the sign of the coming  
danger. Dr. Bistoury's practiced nerves  
here even this prolonged trial easily  
enough, but to the impulsive, excitable  
Everette it was absolutely torture. Like  
all young soldiers, he found the suspense  
before the action infinitely more trying  
than the fray itself. The stable opened  
on the street, close to the garden door,  
and its farther window, at which the two  
watchers had posted themselves, com-  
manded the whole side of the house, the  
blackness of which was relieved only by a  
solitary light in one of the upper windows.  
Suddenly the light vanished and re ap-  
peared a moment later—a performance re-  
peated three times in quick succession.

"That must be the signal," whispered  
the doctor. "Now keep your eyes open,  
Harry."

Courageous as Everette was, he felt his  
pulse quicken; and his hand went instinc-  
tively to the revolver which, despite the  
doctor's verdict, he had persisted in bring-  
ing with him.

"Hark! Was that a stealthy footstep  
outside?"

The next moment came a low whistle,  
instantly answered from the house, and  
then a shadowy figure issuing from the  
building, glided noiselessly to the garden  
door and opened it to admit two others.  
"They've got the ladder," whispered  
Dr. Bistoury, as the three phantoms glided  
across the garden. "Be on the lookout,  
my boy, you're going to see something  
worth seeing!"

The ladder was soon placed against the  
mysterious window, and Badger Bill,  
after whispering to his comrade to "keep  
an eye" on their worthy confederate, as-  
cended, and cutting out a pane so dexter-  
ously that the sound was barely audible,  
put his hand through and shot back the  
latch. His two assistants mounted after  
him, and Bill, stepping cautiously into the  
room, turned the bull's-eye of the lantern  
upon its interior.

Instantly the treacherous servant re-  
coiled with a stifled cry. "Ain't that a  
coffin over yonder?" whispered he tremu-  
lously. "Good gracious! suppose there  
should be a dead person in it, and—"

"S'pose you should be a thunderin' big  
fool," growled Bill, savagely. "Shut your  
mouth, will you, or thar'll be another  
dead man somewhere round soon. I'm  
going right in—I am!" and he stepped re-  
solutely forward.

Crash, the coffin lid burst open, a skele-  
ton, thrown out in ghastly relief by the  
red light that flamed in its eyeless sockets,  
started up with a hideous rattle, thrusting  
forward its bony arms and grinning jaws  
as if about to spring upon them. "The  
savane qui pout of Napoleon was not more  
decisive. The honest servant gave one  
yell sufficient to wake the whole neighbor-  
hood, and rolled on the floor in convul-  
sions. The second burglar, leaping back-  
ward, dashed his head with such force  
against the corner of a bureau, that he  
dropped as if felled with an ax, while  
Badger Bill, making a frantic rush for the  
window, overturned the ladder, and fell  
crashing along with it, breaking his leg  
in the fall.

"You see now, Harry," said the doctor,  
as they went up stairs after seeing their  
unbidden guests marched off by the police,  
"that my night-watchman did know his  
duty, although there is nothing more un-  
earthly about him than a few concealed  
springs, which are released upon the ap-  
proach of any one, and a little phosphorus.  
As for this wonderful room, you see it's  
only a laboratory, after all. But the  
stories that people told about it amused  
me so much that I must plead guilty to  
having given them encouragement. Now,  
let us be off to bed; and I think you may  
sleep in peace after this, for it strikes me

it'll be some time before anybody robs my  
house again."

And indeed, no one has ever attempted  
it since.

## The Brooklyn Girl.

I took a real, out-and-out Brooklyn girl  
with me to the Academy of Music there,  
says Clara Belle. She was so different a  
creation from anything I was used to in  
New York that, not having met her for a  
long time, I fell to studying her. I liked  
her because she was evidently well mean-  
ing and good hearted and independent  
(every girl of them is absolutely indepen-  
dent), and because she dressed in such dull  
colors. If you are at all dressy yourself  
it's always pleasant to have a Brooklyn or  
a Philadelphia girl for a companion.

They are so excessively afraid of pro-  
nounced colors that they are pretty sure  
to make a contrast that is favorable to  
yourself. But she was frightfully slangy.  
I actually had to ask her several times  
what she meant by things she said. We  
got in with a car load of Brooklyn girls,  
and it struck me that they acted as if they  
owned the railroad, but I suspended  
judgment until I saw in a theater full of  
them that they behaved in the same way  
there. They all seemed to know one  
another, and they made themselves per-  
fectly at home, and seemed to be saying,  
"This whole city is for us, and we know  
it," and, to be strictly natural and true  
to my subject, I ought to add that they  
also seemed to say, "And don't you for-  
get it." They were not particularly ill-  
bred or rude. It was all quiet and femi







Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and His Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep and Poultry," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal is given to regular subscribers free, and to others at a fee of one dollar. To order that correct information may be given, the symptoms should be accurately described. No long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 301 First Street, Detroit.

Umbilical Edema in a Colt.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.  
DEAR SIR:—I have a black horse colt six days old that leaks water at the navel. Navel was at first about three inches long, but came off the fourth day and has leaked since. To-day point of the shoulder is swollen and very sore. Will you kindly give treatment for navel and shoulder, and explain why a colt's legs or joints will swell and often become very lame when water escapes at the navel.

SUBSCRIBER, Paw Paw, Mich.

Answer.—From your description of the condition of your colt we diagnose edema of the umbilical (navel). The term does not apply to that region alone, but indicates a tumefaction of the part, wherever situated, from serious effusion into the cellular membrane hence umbilical edema is due to effusion of serum in the cellular or connective tissues of the umbilical or navel cord, caused by contusion or laceration of the part in foaling; or it may be caused by another colt sucking the cord, thus bruising the umbilicus. Treatment: Take a piece of sheet lead, perforated, upon which wrap a piece of cotton cloth, place this over the navel, and secure it by a nicely adjusted bandage. Keep the cloth saturated with the following solution: Sulphate of iron, one drachm dissolved in one pint of water, shake well before using. To your second inquiry we would say the presence of pain in the shoulder indicates inflammatory action, possibly from injury of the part, or from the formation of an abscess. If the swelling was edematous, the swollen part would pit upon pressure of the fingers, but no indications of pain would be manifested; if the shoulder is hot apply cold water to the swelling, or use Jennings' Evincio Liniment. The following tonic may be given to advantage: Sulphate of iron, pulv., two drachms; gentian root, pulv., and nit. potassa, pulv., of each one oz.; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., 1/2 oz.; mix and divide into 12 powders, give one three times a day.

Castrating Ewe-shears.

CHELSEA, Mich., June 18, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.  
DEAR SIR:—Will you tell me through the columns of your paper why once in a while a colt that has been castrated with an emasculator will swell quite, and remain so, and be hard perhaps only on one side for three or four weeks? In such a case what should be done?

A. H. HOLMES.

Answer.—We cannot answer your question satisfactorily to ourselves, from your statement of the case. We would not expect, nor have we had any such case from the proper use of the emasculator. A faulty instrument may be the cause of the trouble, or perhaps want of exercise. A finely polished instrument in imitation of the best emasculators is in the market, and sold at a low price. The safety of the instrument is the eye but in the perfect working of the chain; that faulty the instrument is worthless. Bathe the parts well with hot water and give the animal plenty of exercise.

Proper Time to Castrate Colts.

CARSON, June 14, '83.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.  
DEAR SIR:—I would like to ask a question through the columns of your paper. I have a pair of fine Burns colts dropped last October and I want them castrated, and the man who does that kind of work here, says I should have them castrated and their courage balls left in. Now is there anything in it, and when would be the best time for colts to be castrated, now or this fall or next spring? Answer through the columns of your paper and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Your castrator may be a good operator, but he is not posted in pathological phraseology; the term "courage balls" is a misnomer, not used by the veterinary surgeon. In reference to the proper time for castrating colts, there is a wide difference of opinion, which varies in time from the suckling to the two years' old colt. In the thoroughbred colt, this marked difference is a question of little moment, as the changes in form and development are not as marked as in the cross breeds, when castrated too early, grow heavy behind and comparatively light in front. The yearling, if proportionately and satisfactorily developed, is the time we would prefer, but, if not proportioned to suit your fancy, let them go another six months or even a year if necessary for their proper development. We would advise you to have your colts castrated with the emasculator in the hands of one familiar with its use, the risk being much less, but little trouble afterwards, the wound healing in half the time, besides being less painful to the animal.

AGENEROUS DEED.—On Sunday last Thos. Robertson, formerly of Toronto, visited Belle Isle and strolling about a mile up on the American side he saw on the river a small boat occupied by a young boy and girl. Soon, in attempting to pass the girl, who was seated in the center, the boy upset the boat and both were thrown into the water. Robertson then threw off what clothing he quickly could, and swimming out righted the boat, got the children in, and rowing them over to the American shore, sent them safely home.

"Do Not Fear, You Carry Caesar," Said the illustrious Emperor to his boatman, in the storm. And we can say to the thousands who are compelled to admit sorrowfully that they have some form of kidney disease. Do not fear; there is a Caesar among kidney medicines. It is Hunt's Remedy, and it will cure you. Before its commanding power, kidney and liver ailments flee as conquered enemies. Its cures reach cases that are given up and hopeless. To all who are afflicted in stomach, bladder, kidneys, or liver, we come with the encouraging cry, "Do not fear!" there is sure relief in Hunt's Remedy.

Farm Law.

Inquiries from subscribers falling under this head will be answered in this column if the replies are of general interest. Address communications to Henry A. Haigh, Attorney, 3212 Block, Detroit.

MORE COWS IN THE ROAD.

No subject has been more fully discussed in this column than that of "Cattle in the Highway." Over and over again the law relative to it has been set forth and that commented on. Yet hardly a week passes does not bring an inquiry, and sometimes two or three, about this same subject.

It is supposed that subscribers preserve their copies of the FARMER for reference, and we may therefore refer these late inquiries to back numbers for answers to their questions. See FARMER for Jan. 16, 1883; April 5, 1881; March 16, 1880, and April 13, 1880.

For the benefit, however, of those who have not preserved their papers, and especially for the benefit of H. E. E., who asks what the fine is for letting cows go in the streets, and M. M., who wants to know if it isn't wrong to prevent a poor widow from pasturing her cow by the roadside, especially when there is lots of good feed there going to waste, I will say:

It is not lawful for domestic animals to roam in the highways of this State. This proposition is based on the broad ground that the land in the highways belongs to the adjacent owners, subject to the public right to travel and keep the way in repairs. Other people have no right there except to pass orderly along. Chapter 59 of the Compiled Laws, as amended, provides that it shall be lawful for any person to seize and take into custody any animal which may be in the highway opposite land owned or occupied by him, or which may be found trespassing on his premises, and after giving certain notice, etc., the animal may be sold or redeemed, and out of the proceeds such person may receive pay for his trouble. This law is operative except in those counties where the Board of Supervisors by resolution allow such animals to run at large in the highways. It is expressly provided that the above provision shall not abridge the powers reserved to the people of a township in Sec. 4, Chap. 13 Compiled Laws, which provides that the inhabitants of a township by vote of its electors may make such regulations as to time and manner in which domestic animals shall be restrained by running at large, as they shall deem conducive to the welfare and good order thereof.

No penalty is provided by statute for allowing domestic animals to go at large, except in the case of bulls, stallions, boars and rams. If the owner of these allows them to go at large out of his enclosure he shall forfeit the sum of \$5 for each offence and twice that amount on a subsequent conviction. 1 Comp. Laws 668. If other domestic animals go at large the persons injured thereby will be limited to the actual damages done by them. Where they are taken into custody under the provisions of the law above referred to, reasonable compensation for his trouble is all that the person making the seizure can demand.

The question of the propriety or morality of preventing the widow from pasturing her cow by the roadside is hardly a legal one. I am free to say, however, that aside from the law of the matter I think that the generally prevalent rural custom of tolerating cows in the roads is after all right, and the general good nature with which the rural public puts up with the inconvenience is after all commendable. The grass by the roadside is during the early part of the season about the best that the country affords, if not grazed off it will be spoiled as soon as the dusty season commences. Farmers in Michigan wouldn't take the trouble to secure it. If it were not eaten by the widow's cows or the cows of other poor people who have no pastures of their own and do not feel able to hire pasturage, it would be lost. There are thousands of acres of it along the roadsides of Michigan. Michigan farmers are generally well fenced; their owners would keep up road fences even if there were no cows in the roads. No extra expense is occasioned; a very numerous and needy class is benefited, no one is specially injured, and what would otherwise be wasted is put to the best possible use. Of course in villages or cities cows could not be tolerated, nor should pigs be allowed in any public roads; but for the present I see more good than harm in the wayside group of domestic cows eagerly devouring the grass that otherwise soon would perish, besides, there is sweet music in the distant tinkling of the bell at eventide which tells the widow's son which way the cow has strayed.

H. A. H.

Barium and Jumbo.

Barium and Jumbo, the two great celebrities of the age, are to appear in Detroit on Monday next. They are not to be alone, but are accompanied by the finest circus and menagerie that has ever visited Michigan. The show has recently been exhibiting in Chicago, and from the Times of that city we take the following: "How many human intellect can devise a more varied entertainment, and one which covers the entire ground of equestrianism, acrobatic and gymnastic feats, trials of strength and animal intelligence and sagacity, is a problem. The organizer and promoter of this marvel of ingenuity and executive ability was himself present and seeming none the older, none the less agile and energetic, superintended the great treat which half a dollar seems a meagre price for. The show has three rings, each of them a circus in itself. In each performance are conducted simultaneously and include fancy and difficult bareback and other equestrianism, wonderful and startling acts on the flying trapeze, wrestling, tumbling, fencing, boxing and leaping. There is also an additional attraction in the centre platform. Surely there was sufficient entertainment in the circus last year without Mr. Barium having added a troupe of actual Nubians, a snake-charmer, who with chilly indifference and unconcern wraps himself up in box coats, a troupe of bicyclists who do some very fine wheeling, and that funniest of all absurdities, the obstacle race. The Nubians are wonders in themselves, and the obstacle race is the funniest thing out.

The hippodrome track is filled with obstacles in all sorts of shapes. The boys who run the race have to climb over these once around the track and through a long net on the home-straight. The net catches them, as it is meant to do, and gives rise to some of the most ludicrous mishaps. The boy winning the race gets a prize. The hippodrome is by no means the least feature of the show. To the lovers of racing the sight of a half dozen thoroughbred horses running around the track, straining every nerve for the lead, is an exciting one."

Cleanliness and purity make Parker's Hair Balsam the favorite for restoring the youthful color to gray hair.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, June 26, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 2,119 bbls; shipments, 1,610 bbls. There is a quiet and weak market on unchanged prices. The decline in wheat has made buyers very cautious. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Winter process.....\$5 50 @ \$5 75  
Winter wheat brands, country.....4 75 @ \$5 00  
Winter wheat brands, foreign.....4 50 @ \$5 00  
Minnesota brands, foreign.....4 50 @ \$5 00  
Minnesota patents.....7 50 @ \$8 00  
Rye flour.....64 00 @ 66 00  
Oats.—The market has been tending steadily downward the past week, under the influence of the brighter weather and the recent heavy failures among dealers in Chicago. Prices were again lower yesterday. Quotations at the close were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1 04 1/2; No. 2 do, 94c; No. 3 do, 79c; No. 2 red, \$1 12 1/2; No. 3 do, \$1 03; rejected.....  
Corn.—Depressed and lower. No. 2 was offered yesterday at 55c per bu., and rejected at 45c. Two cars of No. 2 white sold at 70c.

Oats.—The bottom has dropped out of the market, and rates are anything you can get. No. 2 white were offered at 38c, and No. 2 mixed at 37c. No one seems to want them.

Feed.—Inactive and unsettled. Bran is quoted at about \$12 @ \$12 1/2; 50; coarse middlings \$13, and fine do \$12.

Butter.—Market continues depressed, and 160 1/2 lb is the best quotations for finest of the cream, the latter only obtained for strictly choice. Creamery butter is quoted at 30 1/2 @ 31 1/2.

Cheese.—The market is lower, and rather dull. Forheld cheese offering 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2 lb is the best figures, and 11 1/2 @ 12 for second quality.

Eggs.—Fresh are steady at 15 1/2 @ 16c.

Beeswax.—Scarce and very firm; quotations are 20 @ 20 1/2 per lb.

Beans.—Quiet but unchanged in quotations. Picked, 35c. 10c. Unpicked are nominal at \$1 01 @ 1.50.

Dried Fruit.—Market dull; apples, 8 @ 9c; evaporated fruit, 14c; peaches, 15 @ 16c; evaporated, 30 @ 32c; plums, 20 @ 22c; raspberries, 10 @ 12c; California plums, 18c.

Honey.—Dull and weak. Fine white comb is quoted at 15 1/2 @ 16c; strained, 15c.

Maple Sugar.—Market quiet at about 12 1/2 @ 13c for pure.

Hops.—Nothing doing. From 35 @ 40c lb. probably be obtained for choice.

Onions.—Beetroot are quoted at \$4 @ \$4 1/2 50 per bu.

Potatoes.—All are dull at 45 @ 50c per bu., with carload lots still lower. New potatoes are selling at \$2 @ 2 1/2 50c lb.

Strawberries.—Michigan are coming in pretty freely, and selling at 75c to \$1 per stand.

Vegetables.—The market is well stocked with many varieties at about the following terms: Tomatoes, 4 @ 4 1/2 50 per bushel crate; asparagus, 4 @ 50c; spinach, 2 @ 20c; radishes, 20 @ 25c; carrots, 25 @ 30c; lettuce, 4 @ 20c; beets, 3 @ 40c; cabbages, 30 @ 35c; peas, 1 @ 12c; green beans, 1 @ 12c; butter do, 3 @ 30c; 1/2 @ 32c; cabbages about 3 @ 30c per bu; cucumbers, 4 @ 20c.

Provisions.—Barrelled pork is again lower, as is also lard. Quotations on latter are for Detroit lard, Chicago being under suspicion and selling 5c per lb. lower. Smoked meats quiet at former prices. Mess and dried beef unchanged, but not so firm; tallow a shade lower. The Chicago provision market was very unsettled, and subject to violent changes. The recent failures have left the markets in a panic state. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess.....\$18 75 @ \$19 00  
Family do.....19 50 @ 20 00  
St. Louis do.....21 00 @ 21 50  
Lard in tierces.....19 50 @ 20 00  
Lard in kegs, per lb.....11 1/2 @ 12 1/2  
Hams, per lb.....12 1/2 @ 13 1/2  
Shoulders, per lb.....9 1/2 @ 10 1/2  
Chests, per lb.....12 1/2 @ 13 1/2  
Extra Mess beef.....13 1/2 @ 14 1/2  
Tallow, per lb.....7 @ 7 1/2  
Dried beef, per lb.....7 @ 7 1/2

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue sales for the past week:  
Monday.—5 loads; seven at \$13; three at \$14 and \$15; two at \$12 50 and \$12; one at \$13 50 and \$14.  
Tuesday.—19 loads; seven at \$13; three at \$14 and \$15; two at \$12 50 and \$12; one at \$13 50 and \$14.  
Wednesday.—15 loads; five at \$13; three at \$12; one at \$13 50, \$12 and \$9.  
Thursday.—23 loads; seven at \$13; five at \$13 50 and \$11; two at \$12 50 and \$12; one at \$15 and \$11.  
Friday.—28 loads; ten at \$13; eight at \$12; three at \$11; two at \$14, \$11 and \$10; one at \$12 50.  
Saturday.—12 loads; seven at \$14; three at \$13; one at \$12 50, \$11 and \$10.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, June 23, 1883.  
The following were the receipts at these yards:

Cattle, Sheep, Hogs.  
No. No. No.  
D. G. H. & M. R. 47 24 6  
W. H. & Co. 79 48 9  
G. H. & Co. 25 25 2  
Marshall 17 17 1  
G. H. & Co. 38 38 1  
Portland 38 38 1  
Tombahna 24 24 1  
Ypsilanti 24 24 1

Total.....373 67 60

The offerings of Michigan cattle at these yards numbered 273 head against 380 last week. The quality of the Michigan cattle was inferior, and among them was a large number of stockers. There was a heavy run of western cattle, several loads in excess of the requirements of the trade here, and the surplus had to be shipped. The market had but little life in it as the principal buyers here are now purchasing in St. Louis, and in many cases are selling each week. Prices averaged from 15 to 25 cents per hundred lower than last week, and the market closed weak. As the matter now stands our farmers cannot do better than hold on to their cattle until the run of cheap westerns is over. The following were the closing quotations:

Good to choice shipping steers.....\$5 50 @ \$6 00  
Fair shipping steers.....5 00 @ 5 25  
Good to choice butchers' steers.....5 25 @ 5 50  
Fair butchers' steers.....5 00 @ 5 25  
Coarse mixed butchers' stock.....4 50 @ 5 25  
Butcher's stock.....4 25 @ 4 50  
Bulls.....3 50 @ 4 00  
Stockers.....4 25 @ 4 50  
Johnson sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 6 head of fair butchers' stock at \$5 50 lbs at \$4 50.  
Wreford & Beck sold Looseness a mixed lot of 4 fair butchers' stock at \$4 25; 24 to Reid at \$4 12 1/2 lbs at \$4 25, and 9 at \$4 12 1/2 lbs at \$4 25.  
Conley sold Sullivan a mixed lot of 6 head of fair butchers' stock at \$4 75 lbs at \$4 75, and 5 cows at \$4 75 lbs at \$4 75.  
Webb Bros sold Sullivan 13 mixed westerns at \$4 25 lbs at \$4 25, and a cow weighing 920 lbs at \$4 50.  
Beardale sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 6 head of coarse butchers' stock at \$4 50 lbs at \$4 50.  
Johnson sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 4 head of coarse butchers' stock at \$4 75 lbs at \$4 75.  
Fleischman sold Kammon 25 mixed westerns at \$4 25 lbs at \$4 25.  
Webb Bros sold H. Robinson 9 mixed westerns at \$4 25 lbs at \$4 25.  
Wreford & Beck sold Phillips 10 mixed westerns at \$4 100 lbs at \$4 15.  
Beardale sold Sullivan a mixed lot of 13 head of fair butchers' stock at \$4 25, and 2 thin cows at \$4 00 lbs at \$4 25.  
Wreford & Beck sold John Robinson 53 mixed westerns at \$4 25 lbs at \$4 25, and 23 at \$30 lbs at \$4 25.  
Oberhoff sold Goodworth 5 good butchers' steers at \$8 50 lbs at \$5 25.  
McMillan sold John Robinson 4 thin butchers' steers at \$8 50 lbs at \$5 25, and 2 coarse cows at \$4 25 lbs at \$4 25.  
C. Roe sold McGee 21 mixed westerns at 1,025 lbs at \$4 25.  
Ramsey sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 11 head of thin butchers' stock at \$7 70 lbs at \$4 25.

Duff & Regan sold Goodworth 6 good butchers' steers at \$8 50 lbs at \$5 25.  
Sly sold Andrews 8 good butchers' steers at \$7 150 lbs at \$5 25.  
McMillan sold McIntire a mixed lot of 6 head of thin butchers' stock at \$7 70 lbs at \$4 25, and 5 feed cows at \$4 25 lbs at \$4 25.  
Oberhoff sold John Duff 10 good butchers' steers and cows at \$1,181 lbs at \$5 15.  
Thibault sold Sullivan 4 coarse cows at \$95 lbs at \$4 25.

SHEEP.

The offerings of Michigan sheep numbered only 47 head, against 145 last week. There is an abundance of western sheep in the market, which has sold at prices that our farmers cannot afford to compete with.

Beardale sold Fitzpatrick 24 av 100 lbs, part woolled, at \$4 75.  
Thibault sold Fitzpatrick 43 av 82 lbs at \$4 10.  
Beck & Wreford sold Fitzpatrick 112 westerns at \$4 10.  
Beck & Wreford sold Phillips 39 westerns av 89 lbs at \$4 15.  
Beck & Wreford sold John Robinson 63 westerns av 70 lbs at \$3 75.

Hogs.—The offerings of hogs numbered 60, against 68 last week. There is but little demand for hogs in this market, and sales were hard to make at a decline of 30 to 40 cents below the rates of last week.

Ramsey sold Caplin 15 av 123 lbs at \$6 75.  
McMillan sold McGee 12 av 120 lbs at \$6 10.  
Ramsey sold Bigley 33 av 171 lbs at \$6 10.

King's Yards.

Monday, June 25, 1883.

CATTLE.  
The market opened up at these yards with 249 head of cattle on sale. The attendance of buyers was small and the demand light. Prices averaged from 30 to 40 cents per hundred lower than the rates of last week, the market closing with a number of cattle left over.

Oberhoff sold Stickle 3 good butchers' steers at \$8 50 lbs at \$5 25, and a thin heifer weighing 710 lbs at \$4.  
Green sold Clancy 2 coarse cows av 903 lbs at \$4 25.  
Henderson sold Baxter a good butchers' heifer weighing 880 lbs at \$4 25.  
Goodworth sold Hettler 3 good butchers' steers av 906 lbs at \$5 50, and 2 to Baxter av 975 lbs at the same price.

McMillan sold Hensch 3 good butchers' steers av 892 lbs at \$5 25.  
Henderson sold Hensch 11 good butchers' steers and heifers av 833 lbs at \$5 10.  
Platt sold Weller 5 thin cows av 1,280 lbs at \$4 25.  
Sullivan sold Smith 2 fair butchers' steers av 905 lbs at \$5 25.  
Henderson sold Smith 2 fair butchers' heifers av 790 lbs at \$4 90.

Henderson sold Stocker a mixed lot of 4 head of coarse butchers' stock av 700 lbs at \$4.  
Purdy sold Stocker a mixed lot of 5 head of thin butchers' stock av 823 lbs at \$4 25, and a cow to Clancy weighing 1,240 lbs at \$4 40.  
Fletcher sold Haddock 3 fair butchers' heifers av 880 lbs at \$4 75.  
Goodworth sold Genter 4 good butchers' steers av 882 lbs at \$5 50.

Aldrich sold Boyle 11 stockers av 750 lbs at \$4 35.  
Platt sold Green 3 stockers av 830 lbs at \$4 35.  
Webster sold Duff & Regan 3 thin butchers' heifers av 743 lbs at \$4 30.  
Purdy sold Meyers 2 fair butchers' steers av 905 lbs at \$5.

Clark sold Green 3 stockers av 616 lbs at \$4 25.  
McHugh sold Green 5 stockers av 603 lbs at \$4 25.  
Platt sold Raus 2 bulls av 1,485 lbs at \$4.  
McHugh sold Stocker 3 thin butchers' heifers av 620 lbs at \$4 25.  
Henderson sold John Robinson 3 bulls av 476 lbs at \$3 25.

SHEEP.

Platt sold Fitzpatrick 74 av 91 lbs at \$4 25.  
Weller sold Andrews 30 av 100 lbs at \$3 80, and 30 to Brocka av 68 lbs at \$3 10.

Buffalo.

CATTLE.—Receipts, 9,370, against 9,847 the previous week. The market opened up on Monday with 100 car loads of cattle on sale. There was a fair demand both from local and eastern buyers, but at a decline of 10c to 15c per hundred below last week.

Shipments, 10,409. The market opened on Monday with a moderate supply of cattle, and a good demand on eastern account, and a stronger market for other grades. Extra steers sold at \$5 80 @ 60c; choice, \$5 50 @ 55c; good, \$5 25 @ 50c; medium grades, \$5 00 @ 25c. Butchers' stock, poor to choice, \$5 00 @ 25c; scalawags, \$3 50 @ 35c. On Tuesday the market for fat cattle advanced 5 @ 10 cents per hundred, while other grades were firm at Monday's rates, but on Wednesday the receipts were heavier than on Tuesday, and the market declined 15 to 25 cents per hundred. The market for the balance of the week showed a slight improvement, and closed with a firm feeling at the following quotations:

Extra Bees-Graded steers weighing 1,000 lbs and upwards.....\$5 90 @ \$6 10  
Choice Bees-Graded steers, fat, well-finished, weighing 1,000 to 1,250 lbs.....5 50 @ 55 00  
Good Bees-Graded steers, fat, well-finished, weighing 1,000 to 1,250 lbs.....4 90 @ 50 00  
Medium Grades-Steers in fine flesh, weighing 1,000 to 1,250 lbs.....4 50 @ 45 00  
Good Butchers' Steers, fat, well-finished, weighing 1,000 to 1,000 lbs.....4 25 @ 44 00  
Hams, per lb.....12 1/2 @ 13 1/2  
Cows and Heifers—Good to choice.....3 50 @ 35 00  
Texans and Cheerokees.....4 50 @ 45 00  
Mixed Butchers' Stock, common grades, steers, stags, old cows, light heifers, etc., weighing from 500 to 1,000.....3 00 @ 35 00  
Canadian feeders.....5 00 @ 55 00  
Good to 6-year-olds.....3 50 @ 40 00  
600 to 900 lbs.....3 50 @ 40 00  
800 to 1,000 lbs.....3 75 @ 42 25  
Butcher's bulls.....3 75 @ 42 25  
Veals—Fair to prime of 100 to 210.....4 00 @ 45 00

Yesterday the market was steady with a good attendance of buyers, and prices unchanged.

Sheep.—Receipts, 28,400, against 28,300 the previous week. The supply of sheep at the close of the market on Monday consisted of 22 car loads. Prices were about the same as those of the previous week for good sheep, but common grades were dull and lower. The receipts on Tuesday included more fair to choice sheep, and the market moderately active, with fair to good 80 to 90 lb sheep selling at \$4 50 @ 55c; 90 to 100 lbs do, \$5 00 @ 55c; 100 to 120 lbs do, \$5 25 @ 55c. The market was quiet, and there was a few Michigan sheep on sale, of which 13 av 89 lbs sold at \$5; 60 av 85 lbs at \$5; 91 av \$5 40. Yesterday the market ruled at \$5 per hundred lower.

Hogs.—Receipts, 25,620 against 24,610, the previous week. The supply of hogs at the close of the market on Monday consisted of 22 car loads. Prices were about the same as those of the previous week for good sheep, but common grades were dull and lower. The receipts on Tuesday included more fair to choice sheep, and the market moderately active, with fair to good 80 to 90 lb sheep selling at \$4 50 @ 55c; 90 to 100 lbs do, \$5 00 @ 55c; 100 to 120 lbs do, \$5 25 @ 55c. The market was quiet, and there was a few Michigan sheep on sale, of which 13 av 89 lbs sold at \$5; 60 av 85 lbs at \$5; 91 av \$5 40. Yesterday the market ruled at \$5 per hundred lower.

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Extra Bees-Graded steers weighing 1,000 to 1,450 lbs and upwards.....\$5 90 @ \$6 10  
Choice Bees-Graded steers, fat, well-finished, weighing 1,000 to 1,250 lbs.....5 50 @ 55 00  
Good Bees-Graded steers, fat, well-finished, weighing 1,000 to 1,250 lbs.....4 90 @ 50 00  
Medium Grades-Steers in fine flesh, weighing 1,000 to 1,250 lbs.....4 50 @ 45 00  
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